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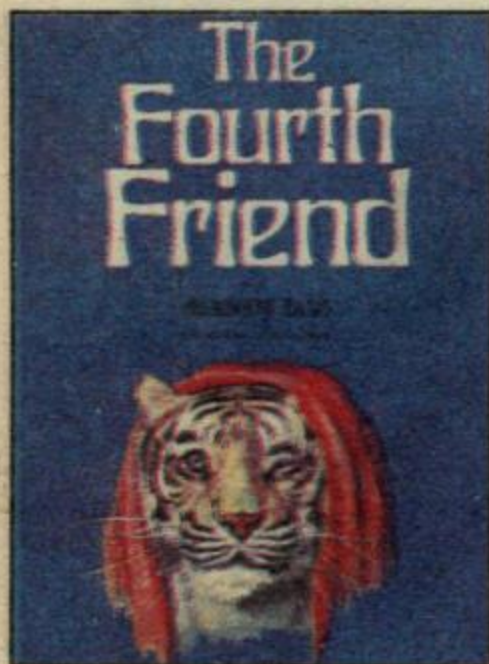
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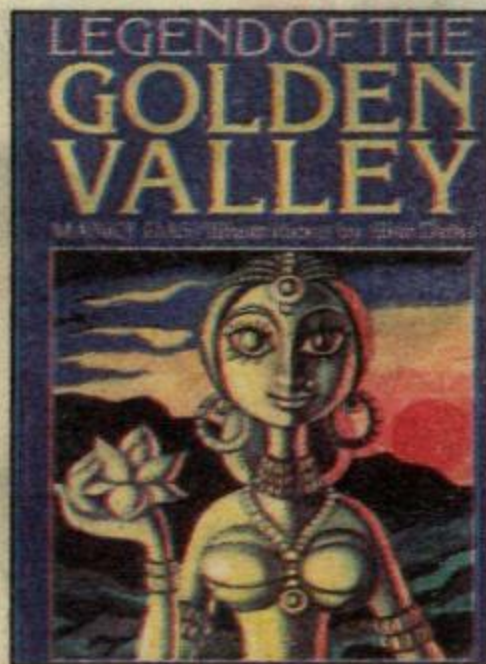
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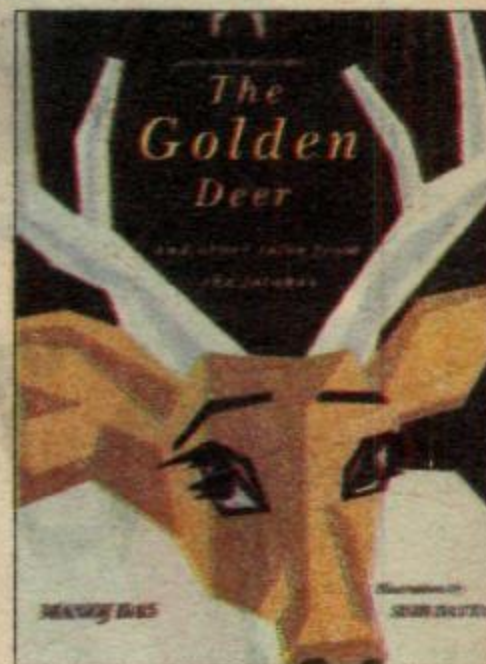
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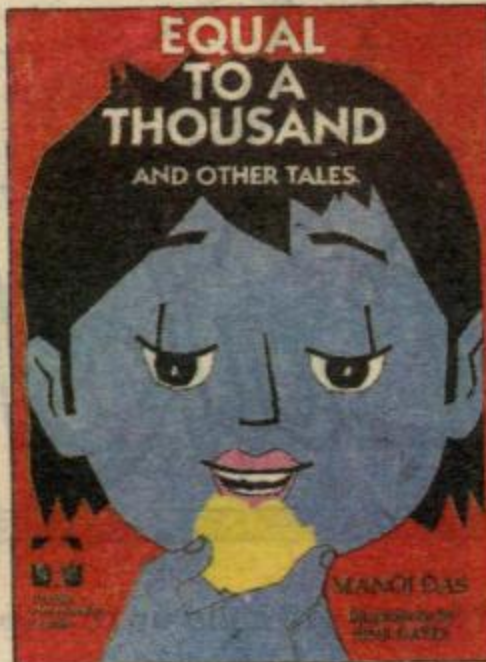


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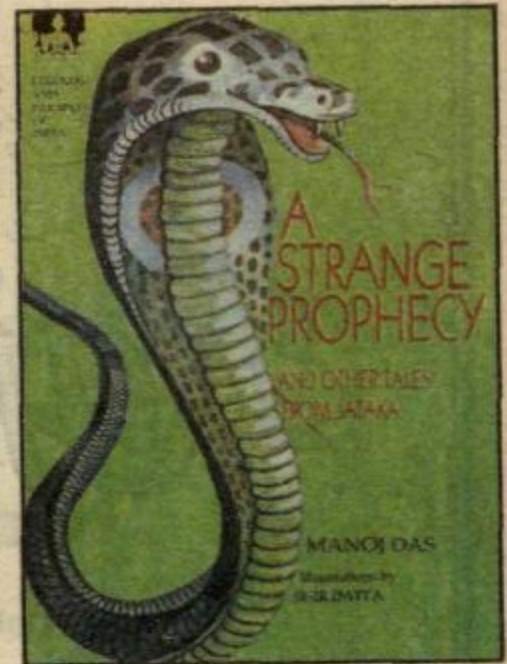
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SEVEN VOYAGES OF SINDBAD : The famous sailor is quite fed up with his voyages, every one of which had ended in unexpected adventures. The Caliph, who has great regard for him, asks him to undertake another voyage—this time as his emissary—to far away Serendib. Sindbad excuses himself, but the Caliph insists that he cannot find a better person for the job. Sindbad is welcomed back by the King of Serendib with great affection. He accepts the message of greeting and goodwill from the Caliph and his exquisite gifts. Sindbad is suitably honoured and rewarded. The king detains him with a special mission—to kill elephants and get their tusks. One day, he drops his bow and arrow when he is face to face with a wild elephant. Of course he escapes death, but how? The seventh voyage is the most exciting of all.

HOW TO BE CLEVER: Merchant Shivraj has two-sons, Kumar and Manohar. He and his wife shower their affection on the elder one, Kumar. Manohar has often to fend for himself. When he grows up, he becomes self-reliant and efficient, while Kumar is ever dependent on his father. The boys get married, and Shivraj asks Manohar to set up business in another town where he makes it a success. The parents secretly decide to leave the elder son for a few months and spend their time with the younger son and his wife. Much to their surprise, they come to know that Kumar, too, has been faring well, despite their absence for long. How does he manage it?

PLUS all the regular features including the pull-out **A JOURNEY ALONG THE COAST**, the supplement, and **PANCHATANTRA** in comics.

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Founder
CHAKRAPANI



Controlling Editor :
NAGI REDDI

Youth to Prevent Crimes

Ever since the end of the Second World War fifty years ago, the crime graph in most of the countries of the world had been showing a rising trend. More alarming is the fact that nearly fifty per cent of the crimes are committed by youth in the age group 15 to 25.

The reasons adduced for this state of affairs are, the break-up of the institution called 'family', the feeling of insecurity that has crept among the youth, acute shortage of job opportunities, and the great divide between the rich and the poor.

The break-up of the joint family system must be squarely attributed to the youth themselves, many of whom wished to be independent of their parents and went about setting up their own homes. In a majority of such instances, this adventure only ended in failures, resulting in an absence of security they once enjoyed under the careful wings of their guardians.

Though the number of work positions increased along with the expansion of human activities, opportunities to get into these positions became fewer because of an influx of qualified people, and the prevalence of challenges and rivalries. This led to frustration, forcing those affected to devise methods to be one up on the others. These methods often had criminal overtones.

The thinking is, if the perpetrators of crimes are the youth, then it is the youth themselves who must play the major role in preventing crimes. It is felt that the energy and vigour of youth should be fully utilised by society. They should be encouraged to participate in social service activities which would take them closer to society and dissuade them from harming the members of that society.



Brotherhood

Parameswar and Parvati had four children. They were born one year apart. When the eldest son was twenty-one, Parameswar fell ill with an incurable disease. He was just about forty then, and Parvati five years younger.

Several doctors were consulted. They examined Parameswar; none could diagnose what he was suffering from. Parvati heard that a yogi had arrived in their town. She called on him and requested him to come home and look up her ailing husband. He examined Parameswar and said: "You don't have any illness, Parameswar! What you're suffering from is the result of your sin in your previous birth. You come with me to the Himalayas. You'll get all right if you were to eat the fruits and vegetables we can get there."

"The Himalayas?" Parameswar could not imagine a life away from

his people and the town where he lived. "How long will I have to stay there, swami?"

"A minimum twenty years, I should say," remarked the yogi.

"But he has not committed any sin in this birth," protested Parvati. "Then why should he be given such a severe punishment?" she pleaded on behalf of her husband.

"One pays for his sin in one birth during his next birth," replied the yogi. "For his sin in the previous birth, he suffers in this generation. The result of all his good deeds in this birth he will experience during his next birth. You've been instrumental for all his good deeds. That's because in your previous birth, you had done all good deeds."

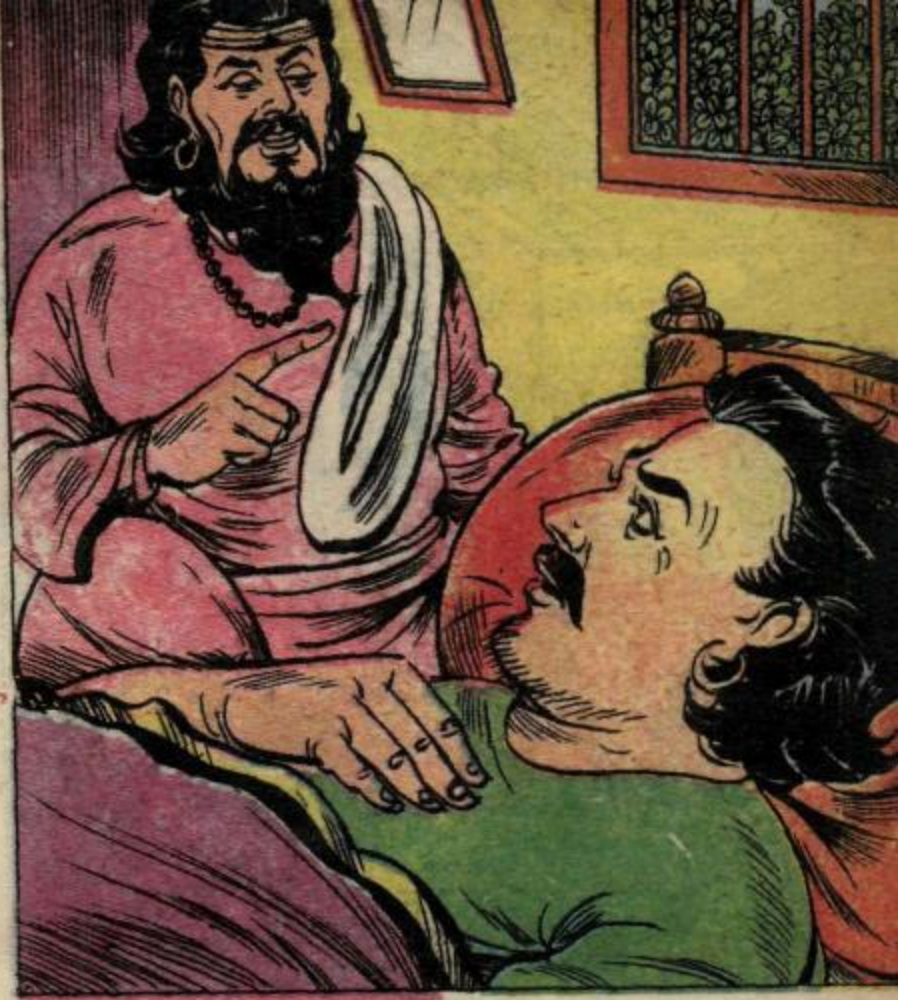
Parameswar decided that he would better go to the Himalayas than continue to suffer lying at home. If he were to go away, what would happen

to Parvati? How would she manage? Would she have a peaceful life? Would his sons look after her even after they got married? These thoughts troubled him. He asked the yogi: "Would my sons look after their mother when I am away?" He sounded very pathetic and deeply concerned about his wife.

The yogi did not answer him. Instead, he turned to Parvati. "Your husband has decided to go with me to the Himalayas. He's worrying because you cannot accompany him. But you've to stay back for the sake of your sons." However, Parvati insisted that she would go with Parameswar. "You'll only suffer there, my child. He's going there to get cured of his illness. He'll come back after twenty years. You can then live together once again."

They soon found a solution when the four sons assured Parameswar that they would look after their mother when he was away. "Please don't worry," they re-assured him in the presence of the yogi.

He told them: "I shall teach you a *mantra*. You must chant it three times a day in front of your mother. And see that you don't bother her or give her any worry even for a single day. You must obey her. Each of you must do



this for five years. At the end of the five years, you'll come to possess a lot of money."

"We're not keen about the money," said the eldest one. "Our mother is a great woman. She doesn't care about her own happiness or her own comfort. She's full of kindness. She would do anything for her sons. Even otherwise we would have taken care of her. However, now that you have directed us, we shall abide by your instructions. You may teach us the mantra."

"All right," said the yogi. "Remember, one of you have to chant the mantra and worship your mother for five years. After that another takes





over from him. Like that all four of you by turn for the next twenty years. Your mother will stay with the eldest among you for the first five years. Then she will be with the second son, after that the third son, and the last five years she will spend with the fourth son. Do you all agree?"

All four of them nodded their head in agreement. But Parvati looked worried. The yogi asked the four young men to leave the room and turned to Parvati. "What's worrying you now?"

"They're yet to see the world, swami," replied Parvati. "They've innocently agreed to whatever you told

them. But what'll happen when once they all get married? Would they still have the same concern for me, the same regard for me? Or would they be guided by whatever their wives tell them?"

"I've a feeling that they will abide by our instructions," the yogi tried to assure her. "See that they still have a feeling of brotherhood amongst themselves. Ensure that each one of them can stand on his own legs and lead an independent life. After five years, the eldest son will get some money. When the second son comes to know of that, he'll readily look after you for the next five years. It'll be the same case with each one of them."

"Can't all of them get the money at one and the same time?" asked Parvati. "Should there be this gap of five years?"

"You raise that point because of your affection for your children," replied the yogi. "When you stay with them, it is as good as their getting lakhs and lakhs of rupees. In the event of your eldest son neglecting you after he receives the money, the other three will look after you. You don't have to worry on that count."

Parvati still looked worried. "Please be assured," said the yogi, "for the next twenty years, you'll live



peacefully and in comfort. With that assurance, you can safely send your husband to the Himalayas. He'll come back after twenty years. You can all then live happily together. You've a long life. You'll live for another forty years."

Parvati heaved a sigh of relief. She felt reassured. She was now willing to send her husband along with the yogi, who called in their sons and said: "If all four of you stay together with your mother, it will be as good as your

possessing a lot of money. And when she sees that all of you are living happily, she too will be happy. See that she doesn't have any anxiety or worry. And when your father returns from the Himalayas, cured of his illness, he'll sure bless you all."

The yogi then chanted the mantra once again, and the brothers repeated it after him. Soon they bid farewell to their father and the yogi.

A hungry man is an angry man

It belongs to man to err

To succeed in life, you must appear to have succeeded already.





A ghostly contract

Padmanabha of Patalpur was an intelligent young man; but he was extremely lazy. He was only sixteen when he lost his father, who was a farmer. The man strived hard to keep his family in prosperity. His widow was sad that her son was not as hard working as his father.

"Padu, you must go and work on the farm," his mother prompted him, one day. "Otherwise, the farm will become a wasteland, and we might even be forced to beg for our food!"

"Amma! I cannot be working in the sun or when it is raining," the youngster pleaded. "How can I run along mud and stones tending the farm as father did? I can do any other work, but no one is engaging me. It's better that I go somewhere else!" He then left home without much ado.

He walked and walked for some distance, till he reached a jungle. He stood beneath a huge tree and surveyed

his surroundings. It was quite dark all around. He was afraid some wild animal might make its appearance any time and jump on him. He began shivering and mumbled, 'Did I hear the roar of a lion?' or 'Is it a tiger that's peeping from behind that bush?'

"No tiger, no lion will come here!" He heard someone saying this from a branch above. The next moment a ghost jumped down and stood in front of him. "You wonder how I read your thoughts? Ah! I don't like lazybones!" The ghost began laughing.

Padmanabha was angry. "Are you calling me a lazybone?"

"Nobody other than a lazy person will come to this jungle. All right, I shall give you whatever you ask for," said the ghost. "But you must abide by my conditions!"

"What are your conditions?" queried Padmanabha curiously.

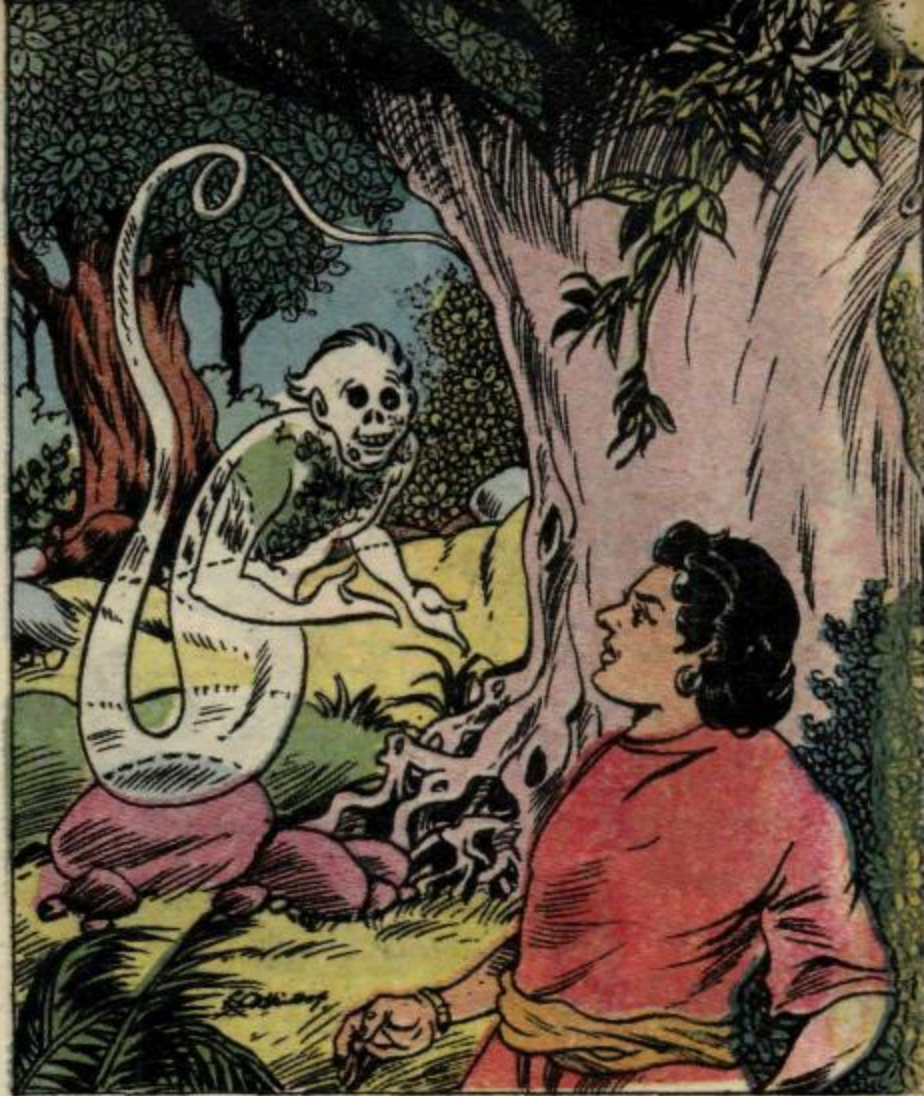
"I shall be your slave for six years

and do whatever you ask me to," said the ghost. "You can live like a king. After six years, you will be my slave for life. During the six years when I remain your slave, if I were to refuse to do any job that you give me, then you can have your freedom and go wherever you like. I shall also go my way."

Padmanabha agreed to the conditions stipulated by the ghost. Before he knew what was happening, coins jingled in his pockets. He pulled out a few and found gold coins glittering in his palm. "I shall leave now," said the ghost, "but whenever you want something or you wish something to be done, just think of me, and I shall appear before you the next moment." The ghost then disappeared.

The young man decided to go back home and retraced his steps. He told his mother all that had happened, and showed her the gold coins. His mother was, however, not very happy. "But, my son, after six years you'll become *his* slave! I don't like that!

Padmanabha was in a dilemma. His mother did not even allow him into the house. She closed the door, and he went away once again. He reached the jungle and thought of the ghost, who appeared before him



instantly. "I want a nice little house on one side of the jungle for my stay."

"You shall have it soon," said the ghost and disappeared. A while later, he came back and led Padmanabha to where a little cottage had sprung up. It had everything that Padmanabha would need, including provisions and servants.

The young man led a comfortable life for one month. He did not realise that the hours were ticking. He thought of the ghost again. "Get me one elephant to ride through the jungle, and four horses to travel to the city." In a jiffy, the elephant and four horses stood in front of his cottage.





Another month went by. He called the ghost. "I feel there are robbers in the jungle. See that I have a few watchdogs." The watchdogs were provided. Another month later, he asked for a high wall around his cottage. The ghost arranged for a wall.

Now Padmanabha began to think of all kinds of difficult and strenuous jobs for the ghost, as though it would be impossible for the ghost to undertake any or all of them. One day, he wanted a huge tree in front of the cottage to be pulled out and transplanted elsewhere. The ghost did that.

Another day, he asked the ghost to

take a huge piece of rock to the top of the hill nearby. After doing the job, the ghost protested: "I don't think all these jobs have anything to do with your comfortable life here. You seem to be simply giving me all kinds of work just to tire me. Remember, after six years I shall pay you in the same coin!"

Padmanabha now began contemplating ways to free himself from his contract with the ghost. Soon, five years went by and the sixth year of their contract started. All these years, whatever work he wanted the ghost to do, it undertook all of them. That, too, without any loss of time.

Now, just one more day was left for the completion of six years. The next day, Padmanabha would become a slave to the ghost. He realised there was a no escape from the ghost. He just could not think of a way to get rid of the ghost. That night, there was a storm followed by a heavy downpour. He heard the croak of a frog in the nearby pond. He saw the frog jumping on to the shore and then jumping back into the pond.

Suddenly, an idea struck him. And he remembered the ghost. It appeared before him. "Any job for me?" it asked Padmanabha and added with a sneer: "Mind you! That'll be the last



job I shall undertake for you before you become *my* slave! I shall give you a real trying time. You should not blame me then!"

"Oh! That's fine," said Padmanabha, without exhibiting any anxiety. "I wish to listen to the music of the frogs in the pond. Take them to the branch of a tree and make them sing. They should all sing in unison."

"That's all? Wait, I shall do that in no time!" said the ghost, which caught the frogs in the pond and put them in a row on the branch of a tree near Padmanabha's cottage. But the frogs did not like their perch on the tree. They all jumped back into the pond one after the other. The ghost went and grabbed them again and took

them back to the tree. They would not remain on the branch! They jumped back. This exercise went on and on and on till dawn. The ghost realised that it might not be able to undertake the job to the satisfaction of Padmanabha. "Could you give me some other job?" asked the ghost. "I shall do it before the day breaks."

Padmanabha was adamant. He was not willing to show any concession to the ghost. When it was convinced that it would be unable to keep its part of the contract, the ghost suddenly disappeared. Padmanabha continued to stay in the cottage and lead a comfortable life.

Can a ghost pit itself against human intelligence and wisdom?

Peace of mind can come only from an abundance of good, unselfish thought and understanding.



A great deal is not a big deal!

Readers *Titu*, *Dally*, *Kitu*, and *Dipu* of *Thokar*, have difficulty with "a good deal of" and "a great deal of".

A 'deal' is a portion of indefinite quantity. Both expressions are correct and they mean the same thing. A great deal of something is a good lot of it! See this: "We talked a great deal... We learnt a good deal from him." Mind you—great can sometimes refer to 'big', but "a big deal" is *not* a great deal! When you say 'big deal', you are letting people know that you do not think something is important, interesting, or unusual as someone else may think it is.

Chittaranjan Sarangi, of *Marshaghai*, is eager to know the meaning of 'lip-service'.

If anyone pays lip-service to any idea, he would say he is in favour of it, although he has actually no intention of supporting it. Lip-service is insincere praise; a professed respect or loyalty, and not real.

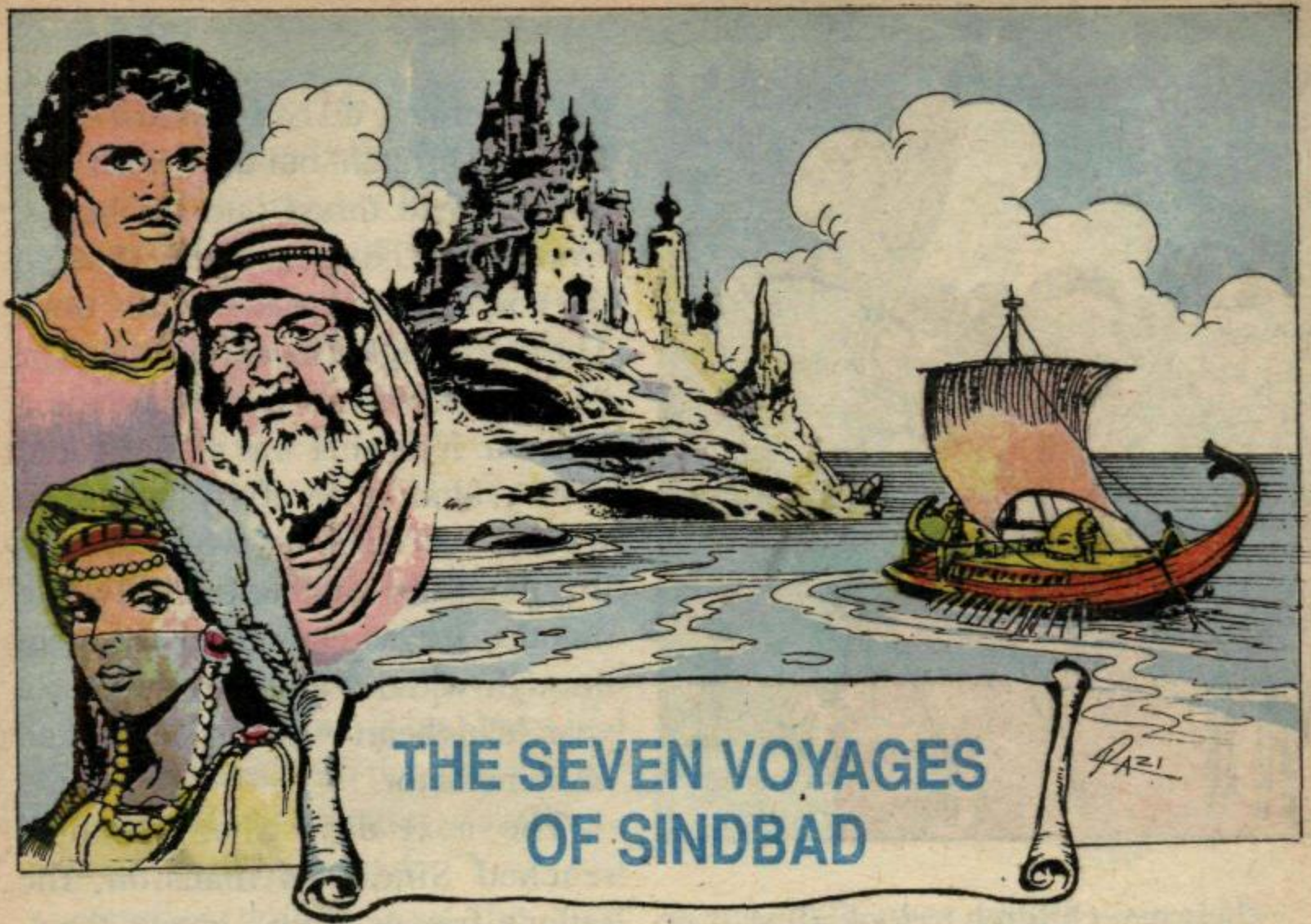
What is meant by "to cast pearls before swine?" asks *Manas Ranjan Biswal*, of *Durgapur*.

When someone casts pearls before swine, he is only wasting his time by offering something that is very valuable or helpful to another who, however, does not or cannot appreciate or understand it. Can a pig appreciate pearls?

Vijaya, of *Vijayanagaram* (Andhra Pradesh), wishes to know which is correct: meals carriage or meals carrier.

To begin with, it is better to use the word 'meal' without the plural form. We have the expression 'tiffin-carrier', which is a small handy vessel, of any shape, to carry a small quantity of food—tiffin for your lunch. A meal carrier is a bigger vessel, or a set of small vessels with a locking arrangement, to carry perhaps a full meal. It is a common sight in Bombay when such meal carriers are collected from houses by people (they are also called meal carriers) engaged for the job and taken to offices. One or two compartments are reserved for these people on the suburban trains. They can be called 'meal carriage' (avoid plural form of meal).





Hindbad trudged home after taking leave of Sindbad. It was shocking for the porter listening to the sailor describe his adventures during the fifth voyage. He shuddered at the very thought of carrying someone on his shoulders who would never get down and allow him to take a moment's rest or a wink of sleep. He compared his own life as a porter with the experience of Sindbad carrying the Old Man of the Sea day in and day out. Suppose he had not drunk the grape juice and had not fallen down

intoxicated! Sindbad would have been merely crushed between the strong legs of the cantankerous old man!

Now Hindbad was not quite sure whether he would want to join Sindbad if he were to undertake another voyage. For one thing, he was only a poor porter, not a trader familiar with the business of barter or sale. If at all he went, he would have to go as a sort of attender on Sindbad. And for another, for all he knew, Sindbad did not have a wife or a family, whereas he had Zubeida and





their two children to look after. If he met with any misadventure, who would look after them? Zuhair was still a little boy and he would not be able to take over the burden of managing a family. No, Hindbad decided he would not broach the subject with Sindbad. However, if the sailor were to sound him about accompanying him, he would think twice before he gave 'no' for an answer.

As had happened every day, Zubeida and children were anxiously awaiting Hindbad's return. Zuhair controlled his curiosity and deliberately avoided asking his father what he had brought for them that

day. After they all had shared a meal, Hindbad brought out the trinket-box Sindbad had thrust into his hands. Even before he opened it, he thought the contents were heavier this time. The coins jingled inside and when he counted them there were five hundred of them. Now that was a good lot of money, and if carefully spent, he would not have to work for his livelihood for another ten or twelve months. It was enough to see them through without any hardship for a year. In his heart of hearts, he thanked his benefactor.

The next day, when Hindbad reached Sindbad's mansion, the sailor's friends were already there. "Come, my friend!" Sindbad greeted him, and showed him a cushion near him. As Hindbad made himself comfortable, Sindbad queried: "Is everything all right with you? For a moment, I was wondering whether you were disgusted with my narration as well as my adventures. I hope your family is well?"

Hindbad gave a beaming smile. "Of course, Sindbad," he replied. "In fact, when I go back, they are always eager to hear all that you tell us, especially Zuhair."

"Zuhair? Who's he?" asked Sindbad.



Hindbad suddenly realised that he had not completed his introduction of his son. "Oh! He's my little boy. I've been resisting the temptation of asking you, but he very much wishes to meet you. You're already a hero to him."

"Is that so?" remarked Sindbad. "Bring him along, tomorrow. He'll find my seventh voyage more interesting than all the previous ones."

"I shall, Sindbad. I'm grateful to you," said Hindbad.

By then, the slave girls came and announced that dinner had been laid and led Sindbad and the others to the dining hall. Soon after they were seated, Sindbad said: "You will remember that it was the first shipwreck that I had experienced. Looking back now, I am wondering whether the shipwreck or my meeting with the Old Man of the Sea was more fateful. After I came back safe from my fifth voyage, I decided that I would not go on another voyage. I had made enough money from all the voyages, though I wouldn't say I was wealthy, then. I had, however, modified this house and was generally leading a comfortable life. One whole year went by without my realising it. Not that I was busy in my business dealings otherwise, but I realised I was missing something. Most of the time I spent at



home, with none to talk to, except those who came for advice what merchandise to take to which place, and things like that. By then, I had almost recovered from the shock of my fifth voyage, and whenever I strayed into the seafront to see off friends, there was a temptation that I, too, should go on another voyage. One day I heard that a captain was getting ready his vessel for a long voyage to far away India. I had heard a lot about that country and I longed to go there. I met the captain, who was the owner of the ship himself. We struck a deal. He seemed to have been told about me and my adventures and





said he would not want any money in advance and would only take a share of whatever I earned from the voyage."

As they partook of the sumptuous fare on the table, Sindbad described his sixth voyage.



They had hardly crossed the Persian Gulf when the ship was caught in a storm. It was not any big-sized vessel and there were only a few merchants on board. The captain had taken with him a pilot who knew the route to India. But however much they tried, they could not steer the ship out of the stormy weather. They lost their sense of direction for a whole

day and then the captain realised where they were, and it was not a matter for any rejoicing! He revealed to his passengers that they were in a most treacherous spot in the sea, caught in a current which spelt danger and doom.

On the third day, the ship was carried to the foot of a mountain which looked like a precipice nobody would be able to climb or negotiate otherwise. Fortunately, the ship did not dash against the rocks and break.

Everybody on board decided to disembark as there was no chance of the ship putting out to sea unless and until the storm had subsided. The captain and pilot said they would remain on board. Whatever food was there on the ship was divided equally between all of them. "You may go and try to get more stock of food. Otherwise you may dig your own grave!" said the captain ominously. "The moment the storm subsides, the ship will sail with whoever comes back with a replenishment of food."

They all scrambled out of the ship and swam to the shore. Their first anxiety was to find an opening on the mountain. Some went towards the left, the others to the right. Sindbad went with the second group. They walked and walked along the shore.



They did not come across any opening and they did not dare raise their head to look at the top of the precipice. Would the captain's warning come true? Would they have to dig their graves when their small packet of food got exhausted?

Not a single tree could be found from which they could pluck fruits. Some of his companions were unable to walk any further because of hunger and thirst. The little food they had taken with them was all exhausted. They all lay on the sandy shore beneath a protruding rock to await their doom. The storm was still raging. Sindbad was prudent with his share of food, so he could continue to walk for some more distance. The place was desolate but for the wreckage of some ships, skeletons of mariners, and merchandise all strewn about. Sindbad wanted to run away from the scene. He wondered whether his companions who had turned left had met with better luck.

Suddenly, beneath the rock there appeared fresh water gushing from nowhere. He scooped some water and quenched his thirst. He decided to follow the path of the water, which now flowed like a river. But strangely, unlike normal rivers which found their way to the sea, this was winding along

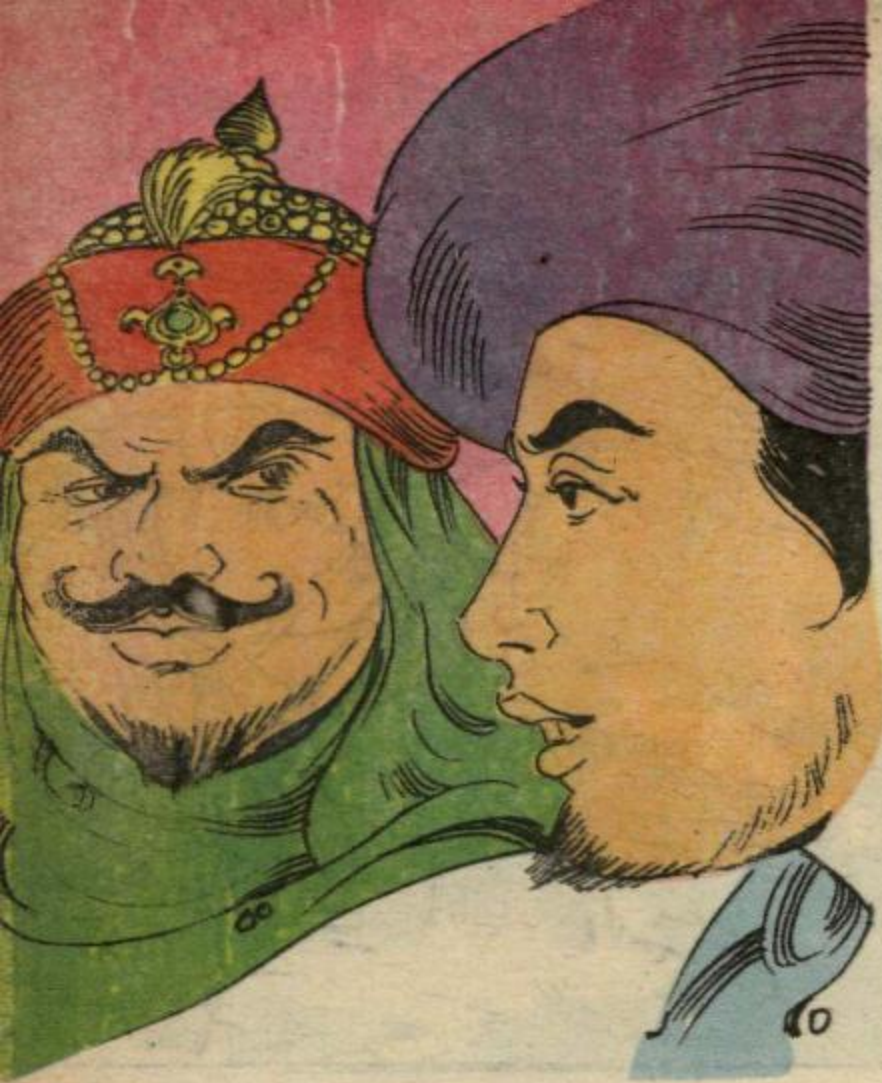


the rocky shore. Sindbad guessed that the river must have found a way to go behind the mountain.

Picking up some wooden pieces from the wreckage, he quickly built a raft and rowed over the river without knowing where he was being taken. Night approached. He lay down and tied himself to the raft so that he would not hit the rocky roof if the opening were to be low and narrow. He soon fell asleep as he was dead tired.

When he woke up, the sun was bright on the horizon and the mountain was now behind him. He untied himself and sat up on the raft. What





he saw on either side of the river was breathtaking. A beautiful scenery, full of trees and flowers. He strained to row towards the bank and leapt to the pebbled shore.

Soon he was surrounded by some dark-skinned men. He stood straight and saluted them. They spoke in a language he could not understand, but they appeared friendly. He spoke in Arabic, mentioning his name and how he happened to reach that spot. One of the men smiled as if he could make out what Sindbad said. "Brother, this is our land," he said, also in Arabic, catching hold of Sindbad's hands in a friendly gesture. "We came

here to collect water when we saw the raft and you sitting on it." He then introduced Sindbad to the others in their language. They all smiled at him.

"Let us first collect water, and you may then come with us," said that friendly man. "We shall take you to the King of Serendib. That is the name of this island. Have no fear, my friend, our king is a kind-hearted ruler."

They went in a procession. First, the men took the water to their homes where their womenfolk took charge of the tins containing water. After that they resumed their journey, again like a procession, till they reached the palace. The gates were opened to let them in. The palace guards took them to the king, who was sitting with his courtiers.

Sindbad saluted him by prostrating before him and kissing the floor in front of the king. "You may rise!" said the king, in Arabic. "Who are you? And how did you reach this place?"

Sindbad narrated his story—how he had started for the Indian shores and how the storm drove his ship to the island of Serendib. When he mentioned his name, the king smiled at him, as if he had heard the name before. Sindbad took off his turban



and untied the knot at one end. There now lay on his palm a glittering diamond, which he handed to the king who was mightily pleased.

The next moment, he caught hold of Sindbad's hand and placed the diamond back in his palm. "No, my friend, I should not deprive you of your wealth. On the contrary, it is our duty to honour our guest – the famous sailor. You shall stay in my kingdom till we can send you back with our tokens of affection and goodwill." The king then asked one of the courtiers to take the visitor along and put him up in all comfort.

A few days passed. One morning, the courtier came to Sindbad. "The king wishes to meet you," he said. And together they went to the palace. At the court, the king asked Sindbad to take a chair and excused himself so that he could give audience to the courtiers one after another. Later, he turned to Sindbad.

"We've heard a lot about your ruler, Caliph Haroun al - Rashid," he said, "and we wish to establish friendly relations with him. We have here a letter for him assuring him of our friendship. We would like you to take the letter to the Caliph and personally convey our greetings to him. This trinket-box contains a few precious



gifts for the Caliph. Please hand it to him. Of course we shall not forget our honoured guest. So, here's another trinket-box for you. I shall not tell you what it contains, but they are something that will make you remember your visit to our kingdom always. I have also a slave girl here as a gift to the Caliph."

Sindbad saw a figure approaching the king and saluting him with folded hands. She lifted her veil revealing a face of extreme beauty. She was ebony black. "You will go to Baghdad to the great Caliph. This man will take you to him. You're in safe hands. Wish you well!" The king got up from his



throne and went up to Sindbad and embraced him. Sindbad felt the warmth of his affection.

The next day, he and the slave girl boarded a ship selected by the king himself. A week later, they were in Baghdad.



"On my return, I sought an audience with the Caliph," said Sindbad at the end of his narration. "He was happy when I told him that I was carrying a message and gifts from the King of Serendib. He read the letter first and then opened the trinket-box. Inside were a vase carved from a single ruby, a bunch a pearls, and a snake skin. He examined them with great interest. Then I presented to him the slave girl."

Sindbad's friends were listening to him in rapt attention. "And you know what the Caliph told me? He said, 'Sindbad, we appoint you our

ambassador. Wherever you go henceforth, you'll go as our representative. I hand you this girl to you. She will fit in with your new status, as the royal representative. Now that the King of Serendib had honoured you, we shall not lag behind. Our gifts will reach you tomorrow, and I command you to meet me in court every day whenever you're in Baghdad.'

"That's how I was to become an advisor to the Caliph in the next few months. And it was he who prompted me to go on another voyage! But that story shall have to wait till tomorrow!"

Sindbad did not forget to push yet another velvet bag into Hindbad's hands. "Don't fail to bring along your son, my friend. I, too, wish to meet him."

Hindbad took leave of Sindbad and was duly escorted up to the gates.

(To Conclude)



CHILDREN IN THE NEWS

A place in text-book

It is a common practice to include accounts of the childhood of great personalities in language text-books. The aim is to encourage children to emulate the lives of great men and women. B. Rajeesh is a 11-year-old boy from Kerala studying in a school in Madras City. He has found a place in the Malayalam text-book for the Sixth Class brought out by



the Tamilnadu Text-book Corporation. Not only is there a mention of his achievements but a photograph also. All because he is a Karate Champion. He won a Gold Medal for the under-

15 age group at the International Karate Championship held in Leithbridge in Canada last year. He won a Gold Medal each in the National Championship held in Jamshedpur in 1993 and in Jabbalpur in 1995. He had learnt Karate even before he started schooling, and continued practising the discipline for four hours every day without affecting his regular studies. And in eight years, he acquired a Black Belt. On his return from Canada, he was received by the Chief Minister, who asked him what he would wish for. Enough space for practising Karate! That was his demand. He was promised 20 cents of land—one-fifth of an acre.

In celluloid and record book

Nitin K. David, also belonging to Kerala is 12 years old. His name has been recommended for an entry in the *Guinness Book of Records*. His achievement: More than 35,000 drawings and paintings. This 8th Standard student began scratching on

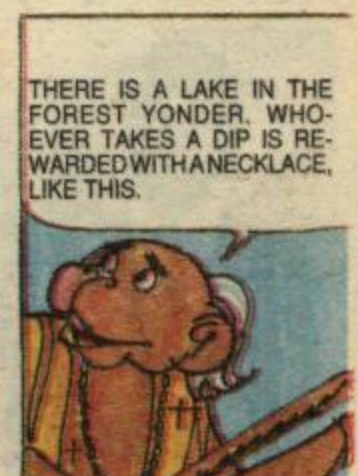


paper with a pencil even when he was quite young. Pencil gave way to pen; pen gave way to the painting brush. He uses water colours as well as oil. He has also made paintings with the help of computers. One day, he saw an advertisement in a newspaper: WANTED A BOY TO ACT IN A NEW FILM. He applied, and went for a test. The Malayalam film has just been released.

Child of the year

He is N. Aravamudhan, a 11th Standard student of Madras. An organisation in Bangalore, called Centrestage, chose him for the Child of the Year Award which carries one lakh rupees by way of scholarships that will take care of his higher education. He has proved his proficiency in several fields of creative activity—like painting, drawing, quiz, essay-writing, personality test, and performance on the *mridangam*. His schoolmate, Kaushik Jayaraman, of the 9th Standard was adjudged 'Promising Child of the Year' and received a cash prize of Rs.10,000.

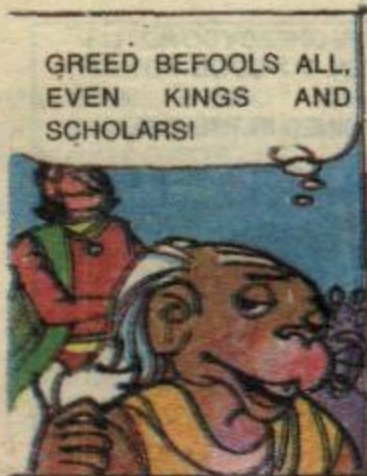




Kind looks are the ornaments of the eye. Without these, they will be considered by the wise to be merely two sores.

- Thirukkural





Take care not to give up exertion in the midst of a work. The world will abandon those who abandon their unfinished work.



I'VE SPARED YOUR LIFE TO TEACH YOU A LESSON.



THE PENITENT KING LEAVES THE PLACE IN SORROW.



THE MONSTER THEN COMES OUT OF THE WATER.



MY CLEVER FRIEND, YOU'VE TAKEN VENGEANCE ON YOUR ENEMY. AND YOU'VE APPEASED MY HUNGER.

KEEP THE NECKLACE AS A TOKEN OF OUR FRIENDSHIP.



THANK YOU! THANK YOU VERY MUCH!



THE GOLD-FINDER CONCLUDES THE STORY THUS...



THE GREEDY DO NOT LISTEN TO GOOD ADVICE, AND SO ARE RUINED IN THE END.

LET ME NOW BID YOU FAREWELL, MY FRIEND!



IS IT PROPER TO LEAVE A FRIEND ALONE IN DISTRESS?



NO, BUT I CAN NEITHER SEE YOU SUFFER OR HELP YOU. I'M ALSO AFRAID OF HELPING YOU NOW!



SOME EVIL MAY BEFALL ME ALSO... THIS REMINDS ME OF A STORY...

WHY, MY FRIEND?



One should rather hasten to secure the alliance of one's foes than perform good offices to one's friends.

ONCE THERE WAS A KING.
VIJAYASENA HAD A
LOVELY DAUGHTER.



DURING TWILIGHT HOURS,
EVERY DAY A FIEND HAUNTS
HER CHAMBERS AND MAKES
APPROACHES TO HER.



OH... MY GOD!

BUT HE IS NOT ABLE TO CARRY
HER OFF, AS THE PRINCESS IS
SAFE INSIDE A MAGIC CIRCLE.



ONE DAY, WHEN THE PRINCESS
SITS WITH A FRIEND...

WHY DO YOU TREMBLE LIKE A
LEAF IN THE WIND?



MY FRIEND! LOOK AT THAT
CORNER!



WHAT'S IT? I CAN'T SEE
ANYTHING.



CAN'T YOU SEE? THERE'S
A FIEND!



MY GOD, WHERE?



THE FIEND COMES EVERY
DAY AT TWILIGHT HOUR
AND TORTURES ME.



If troubles come, laugh. There is nothing
like that to press upon and drive away sorrow.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD

The U.N. is fifty years old

The month of October saw one of the biggest birthday celebrations ever. It lasted three days and the guest list included Presidents, Prime Ministers, and other heads of government from as many as 180 countries of the world. The world body, known as the United Nations, was celebrating 50 years of its existence in its headquarters in New York.

On Sunday, October 22, the U.S. President Bill Clinton, Russian President Boris Yeltsin, the President of Cuba Fidel Castro, and the Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat led the speakers listed for that day. On October 23, the French President Jacques Chirac and the Prime Minister of Britain John Major were two of the prominent speakers. Our own Prime Minister P.V. Narasimha Rao took the rostrum on the third and last day, when as many as 85 leaders addressed the General Assembly. Each one of them, like the earlier speakers, was allotted only five minutes to speak!

Before we read more about the 'Birthday party', let us go back fifty years in history. After the First World War between 1914 and 1918, the then surviving world leaders formed the League of Nations to prevent the outbreak of another global war. It failed to achieve this objective, when World War II began in September 1939. Its first victim was the League of Nations, so to say.

The Second World War lasted six years and hundreds of thousands of lives were lost on the battle front as well as places far away from the battlefield. The survivors were fed up with war and very much wished that the next generation

should be saved from another war and its holocaust. The United Nations was born on June 26 when the U.N. Charter was signed by fifty world leaders at their meeting in San Francisco. India was one of the fifty signatories. Mr. Trygve Lie, of Norway, was chosen as the first Secretary-General of the United Nations.

The U.N. has existed for 50 long years – unlike its predecessor, the League of Nations which lived for only 20 years. This 'long life' and the present strength of membership are clear indicators of its success, though several parts of the world did suffer wars and armed conflicts. The war in Viet Nam, Cambodia, Korea, Yugoslavia, Palestine, and the Gulf are just a few examples.

In areas other than the political front, the U.N. has achieved great successes through its several agencies – like the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organisation (UNESCO), World Health Organisation (WHO), International Labour Organisation (ILO) and the Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO)—to name only a few.

It was the second Secretary-General Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld who said, the U.N. was created "not to take us to heaven but to save us from hell". He was not an idealist, but practical. The present Secretary-General, Mr. Boutros Boutros Ghali, welcomed the leaders to "your home, the home of the world's people, the forum of peace and understanding". It will be the task of the growing generation to ensure that the United Nations remains just that.



Onward to Bombay

Text : Meera Nair ■ Artwork : Gautam Sen



Daman is a Union Territory that lies between the states of Gujarat and Maharashtra. The coastline here is 12 kilometres long and has picturesque fishing villages and beaches lined with casuarina trees. The forts at Moti and Nani Daman offer a glimpse into the town's colonial past, when it was ruled by the Portuguese.

▲ Daman : beaches lined with Casuarina trees

▼ Dahanu's famous chickoos

The Gujarat coastline ends with Daman and the 720 km long Konkan coastline begins. At its northern end is the quiet seaside town of Dahanu. It was a barren scrubland till the Iranis came and settled down there in the 1880's and transformed the place into a fruit-growing area.

Dahanu is most famous for its chickoos or 'sapotas'. It is the country's main chickoo producing region. The chickoos are brought to Bombay, from where they are distributed to the rest of the country. There is a fear that toxic emissions from



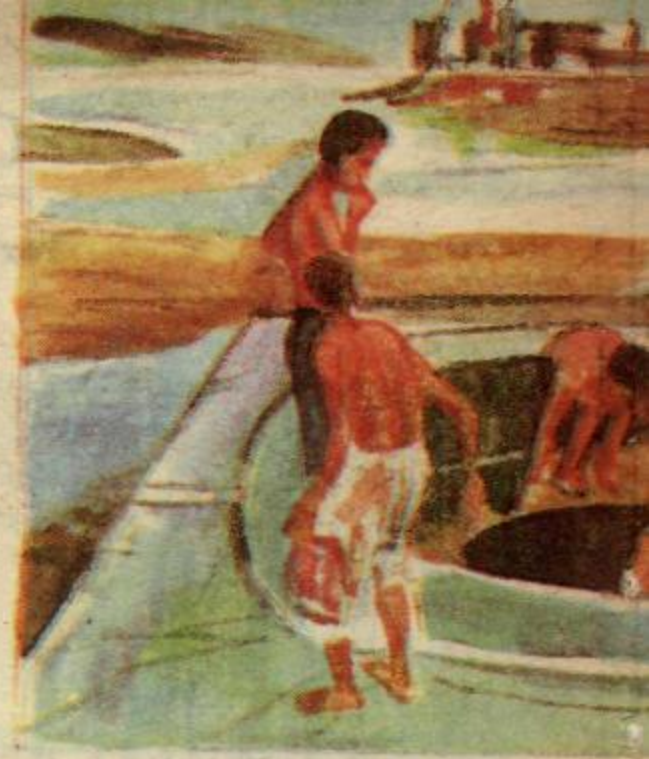
the recently established Bombay Suburban Electric Supply's coal - based thermal station at Dahanu will drastically reduce chickoo production.

Halfway down the coastal road from Dahanu to Bombay lies the village of Nala Sopara. It was known as Shurparak in ancient times, when it was a busy seaport. Supari (arecanut), which incidentally got its name from Shurparak, was an important item of trade. It was brought here from Malabar and other places and then sent on to places in the north. Oyster-fishing was an important occupation and the pearls obtained from the oysters were exported to China.

Legend has it that Gautama Buddha, in one of his previous incarnations, was born here. Several Buddhist relics, including stupas, have been discovered in the region.

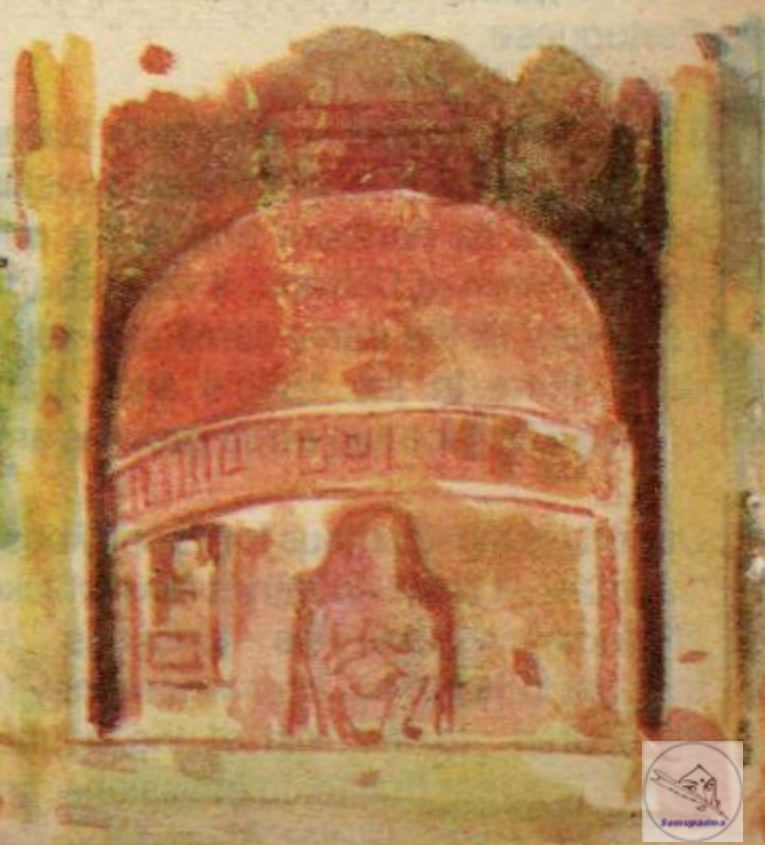
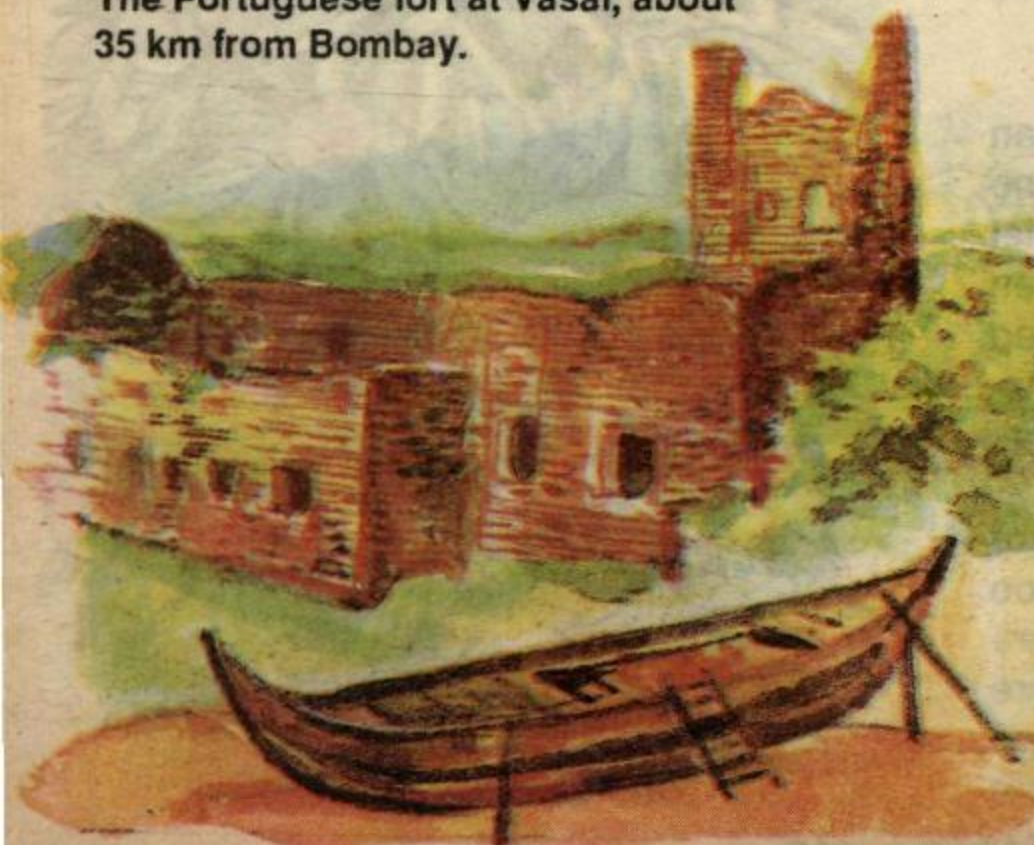
Ten kilometres to the south of Nala Sopara lies the ancient boat-building yard of Papdi in Baxay or Vasai. The coastline here was once wooded with Khair, Bonda, Hald, Kalamba and Sag trees which provided excellent timber for building boats. The boat-building industry flourished in the 16th and 17th centuries under Portuguese rule. The ruins of a once commanding fort, cathedrals, and mansions where the hidalgos or the aristocracy lived, stand as silent reminders of the Portuguese rule here. Vasai today is an important supplier of vegetables to Bombay.

The Portuguese fort at Vasai, about 35 km from Bombay.



Hot springs at Vajreshwari

The Stupa at the Chaitya Cave, Kanheri





Several hot springs are found in and around the bed of the Tansa river, which flows through this region. The most popular springs are those at Vajreshwari and Ganeshpuri. Vajreshwari lies around 10 kilometres from Vasai Road Railway Station. Cisterns and reservoirs have been built around many of these hot springs. The temperature of the water generally ranges from 110 degrees to 136 degrees Fahrenheit. Bubbles of gas having strong sulphurous smell rise from the water. The temperature of the water at one of the hot springs at Ganeshpuri is so high that it is impossible to even dip one's hand in it.

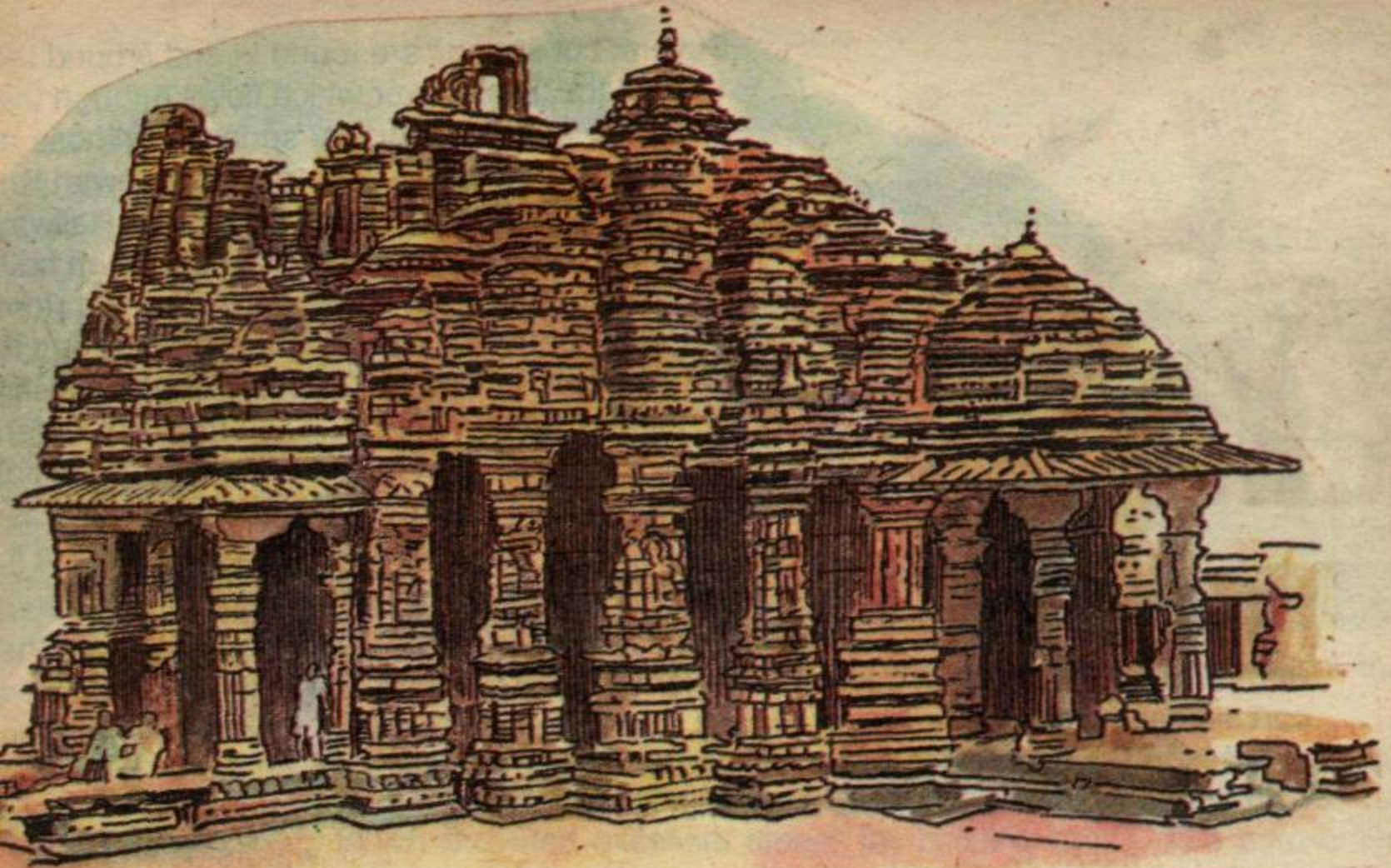
Close to Borivli, a suburb of Bombay, lie the Kanheri caves, named after the Kanhagiri Hills. These are the largest group of Buddhist caves in Western India. There are 109 of them. The caves contain carvings, sculptures, pillars and stupas built by Buddhist monks between the second and tenth centuries A.D. Cisterns supply water all through the year. The drainage system is excellent here, with pipes carrying sewage and monsoon flood waters down the hill.

Two of the most interesting caves here are the Dürbar and the Chaitya caves. The Durbar cave has rows of long, low stone benches in the centre of the main rectangular chamber, where the monks perhaps held their prayer meetings. The great Chaitya cave has a gigantic stupa and large statues of the Buddha.

The great Chaitya Cave at Kanheri



The Stupa at the Chaitya Cave, Kanheri



Shiva Temple, Ambarnath

A few kilometres away from the Kanheri caves in Jogeshwari, there is a Shiva temple carved out of rock. It was built in the second half of the 8th century.

The town of Ambarnath near Kalyan, which is 54 kilometres from Bombay is also famous for its Shiva temple. The temple is made of black stone and it lies in a hollow. The Shivalinga, believed to be a *swayambhu*, lies a good eight feet below ground level. The temple prospered after Sindhi refugees from Pakistan made

Ambarnath their home.

The city of Thane lies across the Thane creek on the outskirts of Bombay. Along the creek, there is a long stretch of tidal swamps and salt pan areas.

Oysters were once fished in the creek for their pearls.

The creek is narrow and runs 18 kilometres north to south, from near Thane to Trombay on the mainland.



At Trombay, lies the country's main centre for atomic research, the Bhabha Atomic Research Centre.

THE GREEDY VERSUS THE CLEVER

Once upon a time, there lived a poor man. He left his village for the town in the hope of earning a better livelihood. After a year of hard labour with strong determination, he did manage to save a thousand silver pieces. His face shone with delight, for never had he seen so much wealth in his life and that, too, earned all by himself.

'It is unsafe to keep such a large sum of money in my tumbledown hut. For indeed, these are very bad days, full of robbers prowling everywhere in the night,' he told himself one day.

So the next morning, with the bag of money slung over his shoulder, he

made his way to the judge's house, who had a reputation of being as honest as he was pious.

"What brings you here, my good man?" the judge asked him politely.

"O revered Sir, I would like to leave my earnings in your custody while I work in the town," replied the poor man with a low bow.

"It'll be my pleasure to keep your money. I'm always at the service of the poor and needy," said the judge, taking the bag and carefully counting the thousand silver pieces. He then put it away in a chest standing beside him.

The poor man left and the judge chuckled behind him.





Some months rolled by and the poor man prepared to return to his village and family. So, he called on the judge once again and said, "O honourable one, would you kindly return the money which I left with you for safekeeping? For, tomorrow at the crack of dawn, I leave for my village."

The judge only gave him a surprised and blank look. "Money! What money?" he exclaimed.

"The thousand silver pieces that I left in your custody, O noble protector of the poor!" reminded the man.

"You're surely mistaken, my dear fellow. I don't know you, nor know

about your money." As the poor man blinked, unable to believe his ears, the judge flared up. "You wretched liar! You've come to rob me!" he shouted and ordered his servants to throw the man out, giving him a sound thrashing.

Alas, the poor man stumbled down the street with tears in his eyes. His hard earned wealth was all gone! How could he dare fight such an important man of the town and that, too, when he was famous for his honesty and goodness!

Nevertheless, he went and related his woes to a certain merchant and his wife who were his good friends. They were filled with sympathy and decided to help him recover his money. All night long they planned their strategy, in which their little son, too, participated.

"While I and this uncle go to see the judge in the morning," the merchant's wife told her son, "follow us but be at a distance. Once we reach his house, you should not be seen by anyone. But mind you, keep us constantly in view." She then explained to him step by step what he has to do.

In the morning, the merchant's wife, a box on her head and accompanied by her little son and the poor man, made her way to the judge's



house.

When they reached their destination, she went inside the house, while the other two waited at the door, taking care not to be noticed.

"What business brings you here, my good lady?" asked the judge, intently looking at the box on her head.

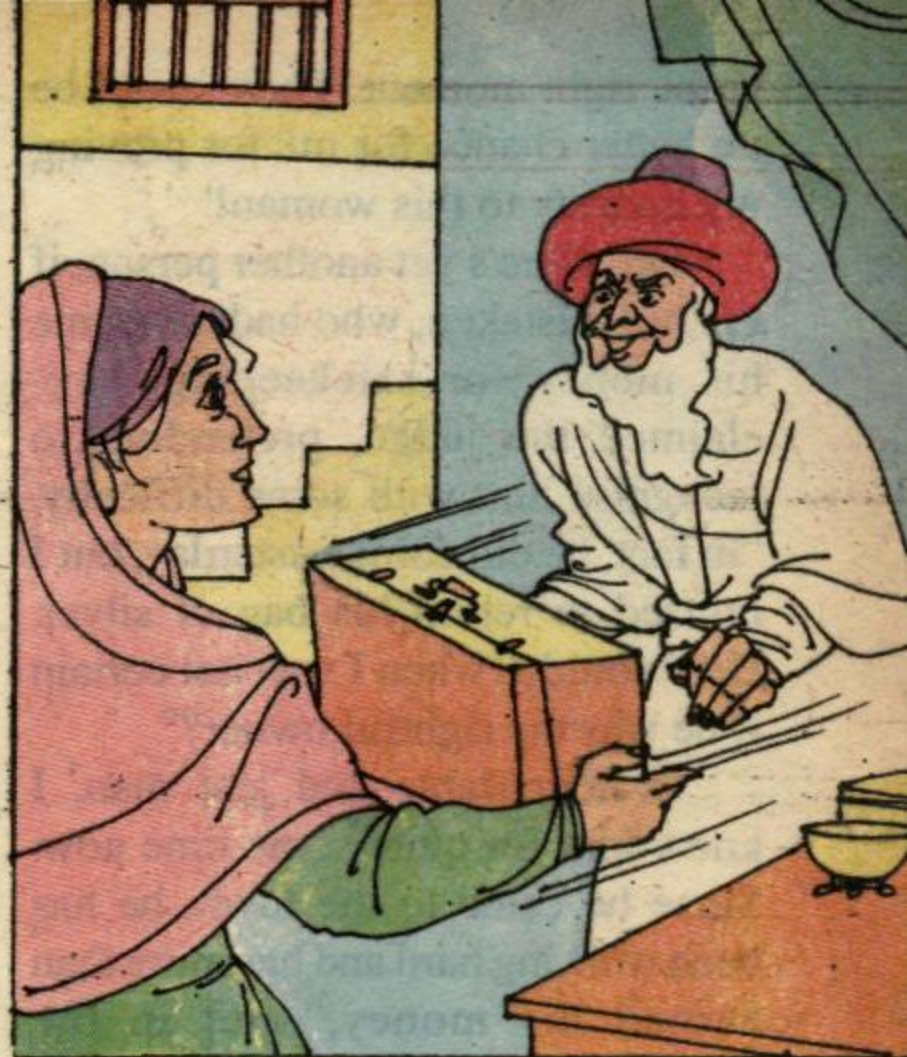
'O honourable one, my husband has gone away on his trading tour and I know not when he'll return. Meanwhile, I'm not getting a wink of sleep at night for fear of thieves breaking into our house and robbing us of our wealth," she replied, almost in one breath.

"Oh, I see. But, how can I help you get sound sleep at night? I don't have any magic, nor am I a doctor!" said he, still curiously staring at the box on the woman's head.

"O noble judge, honest and pious! If only you'll allow me to leave this box with you for its safekeep, I'll surely have peaceful nights. It contains all our wealth, silver, gold and precious stones, though its value, which cannot exceed a million silver coins, may not mean much to you!"

The judge took the box in his hands and found it heavy indeed. 'Ah, it must surely contain a big fortune!' he thought to himself.

"All right," he said at last. "It'll be



only a pleasure for me to keep your valuable possessions in the safety of my vault. You may rest assured, that you'll get everything back to the last piece."

But the merchant's wife, quickly taking the box away from his hand, asked, "Will I really get all of it back?"

"Have no fear, dear sister. I'm known in the town as honest and pious," he said in a convincing tone.

Just as he said this, the poor man who was waiting at the door, entered the chamber.

Seeing him, the judge was overjoyed and he said to himself, 'I thank the Almighty for having sent this man



at the right moment. There could be no better chance for me for proving my honesty to this woman!"

"Oh! Here's yet another person, if I'm not mistaken, who had given me his money for safekeeping!" exclaimed the judge, pretending to recognise him with some difficulty. "In fact, he did come yesterday, but I refused to return his bag of silver. How could I, when I was not certain if he was the rightful owner?"

"O honourable and just man, I know him for quite some time now. Since he came to the town, he has been working hard and has more than earned his money," put in the merchant's wife.

"Oh! Is it so? Is he known to you? Then why delay? Come, my good and hardworking friend and take your thousand pieces," said the judge, as he counted the money and handed the amount over to the man.

"Now, dear lady, it's time I go to

my work. Come on, let me have the pleasure of helping you to pass your nights peacefully!" said the judge, displaying an affable smile and stretching out his hands.

But before the merchant's wife could hand over the box to the judge, her little son burst in, calling, "Mama, Mama! Father has returned. Come home soon; he's waiting for you."

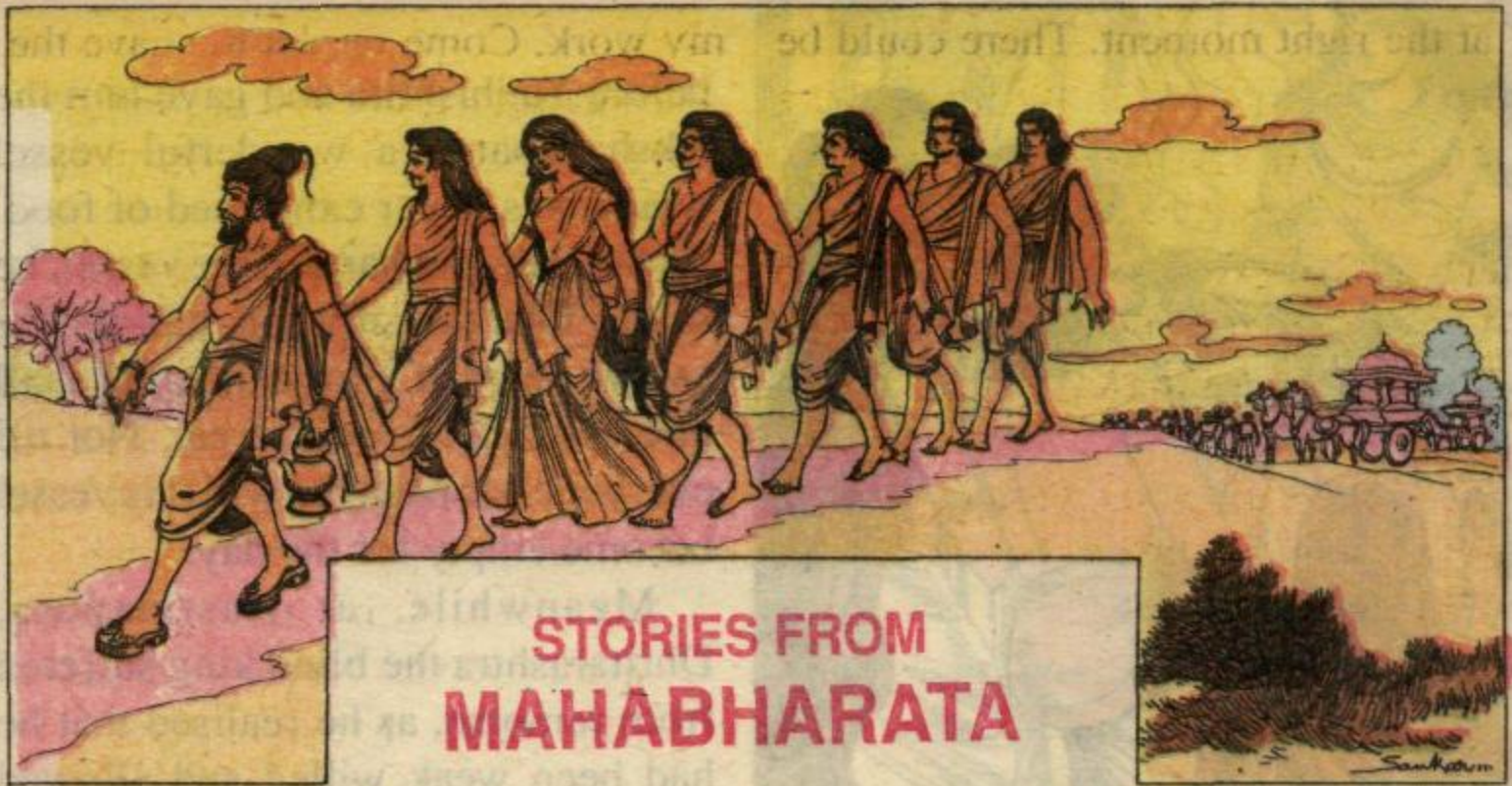
The woman's face brightened up. "Blessed am I that I was not required to bother you with my box. Since my husband is back, I need no longer be anxious of thieves and robbers."

The box back on her head, she then hurriedly left the house, followed by her little son and the poor man, now putting on a beaming smile.

"Why couldn't this stupid merchant arrive a little later?" said the judge, feeling miserable and angrily tugging at his beard and stamping his feet.

– Retold by Anup Kishore Das





STORIES FROM MAHABHARATA

The story so far:

Soon after Yudhishtira had performed the Imperial sacrifice, and assumed the title of Emperor, the Kaurava princes, led by Duryodhana with the help of his uncle, Sakuni, conspired to cheat Yudhishtira of all his possessions by tempting him to play a game of dice. Yudhishtira lost everything, including his queen, the fair Draupadi. Dhritarashtra, the blind king, waived the condition and released the Pandava princes from bondage.

Duryodhana refused to accept his father's decision and a further game of dice was arranged. Yudhishtira lost again and in accordance with the new conditions, the Pandava princes were to retire to the forests as exiles for a period of twelve years, and then they had to remain somewhere for a further one year without anybody knowing them. If they be discovered during this last

year, they must also go into exile for another twelve years.

When the Pandava princes, accompanied by Draupadi, set out for the forest, there was considerable unrest amongst the people of Hastinapura, who bitterly complained that their beloved princes had been forced into exile.

The princes, dressed in the garb of homeless mendicants, wended their

14. A REPENTANT KING





before Yudhishtira and gave him the Akshayapatra, a wonderful vessel which was never exhausted of food. As the Sun-god handed the vessel, he said: "Take this, my son, and for the twelve years of your exile, you shall have sufficient food to eat. Not till everyone has been fed will this vessel become empty for the day."

Meanwhile, at Hastinapura, Dhritarashtra the blind king suffered from remorse, as he realised that he had been weak willed and allowed himself to be misled by Duryodhana and his evil-minded followers.

He craved the counsel of the elders, hoping against hope that they would find excuses for the conduct of his sons and so lighten his burden of worry and anxiety.

Vidura, the wisest of all, would give the king no comfort in his distress, and often told him in harsh words: "Your sons have done a great wrong. Yudhishtira was cheated, and you as the king should have prevented it. But even now it is not too late. You should recall the Pandava princes from their wrongful exile and restore to them their rightful inheritance. If you shirk your responsibility, then, as you have been forewarned, disaster will visit you, your dynasty, and your kingdom."

way towards the forest. Yudhishtira begged the weeping crowds that followed them to return home, but he allowed Dhaumya, their priest, to go with them.

At nightfall the weary party, following the course of the river Ganga, came near a huge tree where they decided to camp for the night.

As the days passed, the princes, living in great austerity, found it increasingly difficult to lay their hands on food sufficient to feed themselves and the many sages who came to visit them in exile.

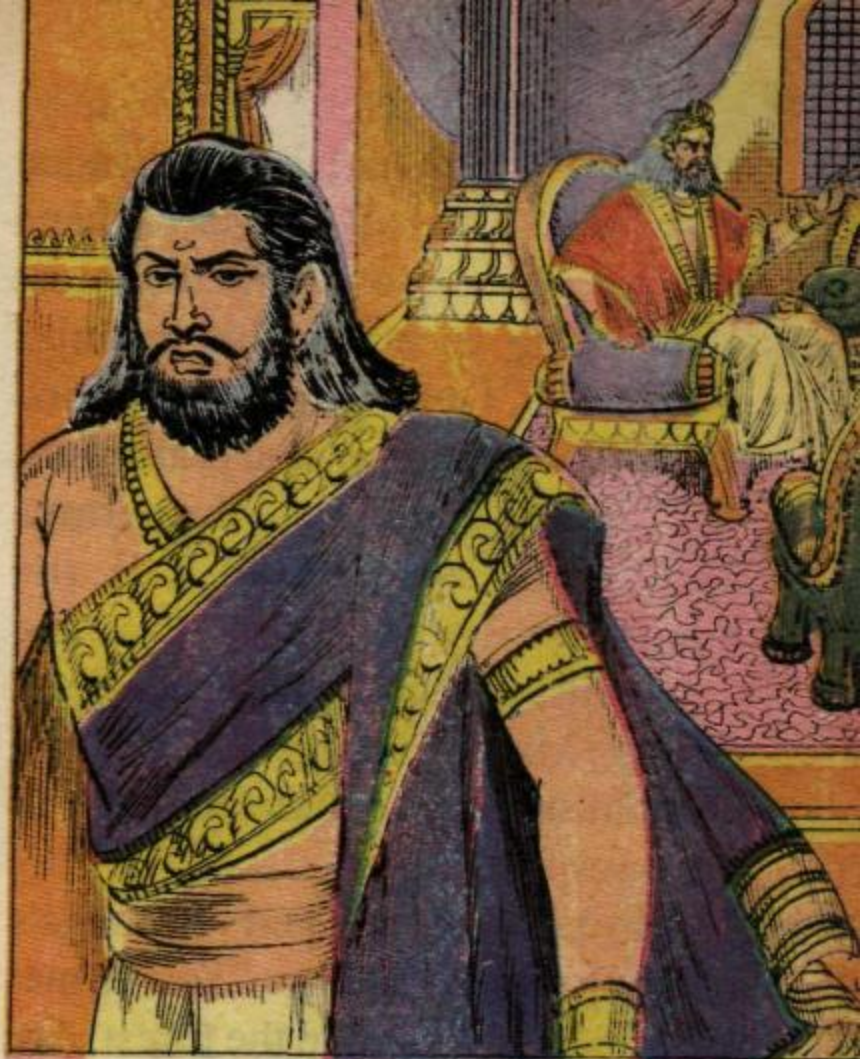
The Sun-god took pity on the princes and, one morning, appeared



At first Dhritarashtra would sadly listen to Vidura, and in his heart he knew that Vidura in his wisdom spoke the truth, but Vidura's repeated warnings and entreaties began to tell upon his nerves, and one day he felt he could stand no more of this. "Why do you always praise the Pandavas?" he demanded. "You never utter a good word for my sons! You ask me to recall the Pandava princes and thereby accuse my own sons of committing unholy crimes. You're obviously against us. I've lost faith in you and it would be better for you to join the Pandavas in the forest."

Vidura, shaken by the king's unkind words, and beset with gloomy thoughts as to the future of the Kuru race, hurriedly left the palace. That same day, he drove in his chariot to the forest where the Pandavas lived.

But no sooner had Vidura left Hastinapura than Dhritarashtra began to repent his hasty words, and in his tortured mind, the thought that he had strengthened the Pandava camp, by driving Vidura into their arms, grew stronger. Realising his folly, Dhritarashtra asked Sanjay to go into the forest immediately with a message to Vidura, begging him to forgive a sorrowful king and return to Hastinapura.



Sanjay hurried to the hermitage where the Pandavas were staying and found them poorly clad, sitting in the company of sages and Vidura.

When Vidura heard the king's repentant words, he was greatly moved, and explained to Yudhishtira that it would do everybody good if he returned to Hastinapura.

But Vidura's return to Hastinapura was the cause of even more trouble. Duryodhana openly resented his father recalling Vidura, who always spoke of making peace with the Pandavas. Needless to say, Duryodhana only aspired to finish off these trouble-makers.



Karna, backed by the honey-mouthed Sakuni and the hot-headed Dussahasana, was all for Duryodhana leading a strong force into the forest and putting an end to his enemies once for all. Duryodhana welcomed this base suggestion, and plans were secretly made to invade the hermitage in the forest and kill the Pandavas.

As this conspiracy was underway, the sage Maitraya came to the court of Dhritarashtra and was welcomed with great respect.

Dhritarashtra craved the sage's blessing and asked him: "You've met the Pandava princes in the forest. Are they well? And will the day come when there will be peace between us?"

"It's for you to make peace," replied the sage sternly. "When I heard of what transpired at Hastinapura, I wondered how such things could hap-

pen whilst Bhishma and you are alive."

Later, the sage met Duryodhana and advised him, for his own good, to forsake greed and jealousy, and to make peace with his cousins, the Pandavas.

The foolish Duryodhana merely burst out laughing, slapping his thighs in derision at such an absurd advice.

The sage naturally took offence and said: "Are you so arrogant that you slap your thighs at one who means you well? Take heed, for those thighs will be broken by Bhima's mace and you'll die in the battlefield."

Hearing these ominous words, Dhritarashtra fell at the feet of the sage and begged him to forgive his son.

The sage shook his head. "Unless you make peace with the Pandavas, my curse will certainly come true."





New Tales of King Vikram and the Vampire

Acts of Treason

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time; gusts of wind shook the trees. Between thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning revealed fearsome faces.

But King Vikramaditya did not swerve a bit. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought down the corpse. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke: "O King! You seem to be making untiring efforts and without respite, as if you wish to achieve something. I pity you. Instead of enjoying comfortable sleep on a cozy bed, you're still coming after me. Sometimes even clever people act foolishly or go wrong. There is Pundit Vachaspati for an example. You must hear his story. Listen to me. I shall narrate it for your sake." The vampire started his narration.

The King of Vajragiri had





children for a long time. Many years later, a son was born to him. The prince's sixth birthday was celebrated with pomp and gaiety. All those who were invited to the celebration came with costly gifts, which the little prince viewed with curiosity. For some time, he strayed into the palace garden and was playing there. And then he disappeared!

The attenders searched for him everywhere. He was not to be seen anywhere. Then the soldiers were sent to every possible nook and corner. They all came back – there was no trace of the prince. A pall of gloom descended on the kingdom.

Everybody was sad. There was no single face with a smile. Pushpagiri was a neighbouring kingdom. There was no love lost between the two kingdoms. The King of Vajragiri now suspected Pushpagiri's complicity in the prince's sudden disappearance. Would the King of Pushpagiri have arranged to kidnap the boy? thought the King of Vajragiri.

Vachaspati was the royal priest of Pushpagiri. He met some people from Vajragiri and expressed his own doubts about the disappearance of the prince to them. The rumour spread like wild fire. An expert in animal life and behaviour, who could understand their roars and cries and chatterings, he was on a tour of friendly kingdoms to invite the rulers there to the coronation of the prince of Pushpagiri. He was aboard a ship which was caught in a storm and he had to take shelter in Vajragiri, which was inimical to Pushpagiri.

The King of Vajragiri received him with all courtesy and invited him to stay in Vajragiri till the storm subsided and he could resume his journey. The king, however, took the opportunity to question Vachaspati about his missing son. But Vachaspati pleaded ignorance about the sudden disappearance of the little prince of

Vajragiri. The king took his word, but declared: "You've knowledge of everything. Unless and until you find out where my son has disappeared, I shall not allow you to leave this kingdom. Till then you've to stay here." The king had heard of Vachaspati's extraordinary skills and decided that he would make use of him to trace his son.

The Pundit was now in a dilemma. Where would he go and search for the prince whom he had never seen? However, if he did not find him, he knew he would not be able to return to Pushpagiri. He climbed up to the terrace of the house where he was put up and contemplated the best strategy. He saw the horizon stretching afar from where he sat. He could see the vast sea and the waves lashing the sandy beach. For a long time he could not decide how he would go about the task given to him.

Suddenly he saw an eagle flying from the sea towards the palace. He twisted his lips and made a peculiar sound. The bird gave out a cry as if in reply. It then circled the palace four or five times and went and sat on a branch of the banyan tree in the garden.

Immediately, the other birds on the tree started chattering non-stop.



Vachaspati went up to the tree and made another sound. The birds stopped chattering and there was an uncanny silence. A lone bird approached the pundit, touched his hand with its beak and went back to the tree and sat at the edge of a hollow.

Vachaspati smiled. He thought he was getting some direction in his search for the prince. He now went near the hollow on the tree. Only then did he notice that the hollow was rather big. He climbed into it and walked for some distance before he stopped in front of a bungalow-like building. He went past the gate and saw a huge tub full of honey and a ball





floating in it. He surmised, the prince might have been playing in the garden when the ball fell into the hollow; the boy must have jumped through the hollow in his excitement and fallen into the tub of honey and drowned.

Any piece of information would be useful to someone sometime. Vachaspati knew the language of birds and animals; that knowledge now became useful to him! He rushed to the king and told him of his surmise. The king arranged for emptying the tub, and they all found the prince lying dead in the tub. The body was taken to the palace, washed, and adorned with glittering dress and

ornaments and laid on a golden cot.

The king sent for Vachaspati. "You've knowledge of so many things. I'm sure you'll be able to revive my son and give him life again. Then and only then will you get back your freedom. If you won't do that, you will be confined to a room and you'll spend the rest of your life there."

"How can that be done?" pleaded Vachaspati. "Death is inevitable for every living being. Even I will be subjected to that fate; I can't escape death."

"I'm not bothered with all that," the king persisted, "I want my son to live, and you've to bring him back to life, come whatever may. If you don't, you can't escape from my kingdom." He did not wait for an answer.

'Has the king lost his sense of balance?' wondered Vachaspati. He went back to his room. After sometime, he came out into the garden and sat on a rock. At one time it was only the question of seaching for and finding the whereabouts of the prince; now, it was something more than that. How could he carry out the king's command? Vachaspati was in a dilemma.

Suddenly, he saw two monkeys scrambling on to the branch of a tree. The female seemed to have lost her

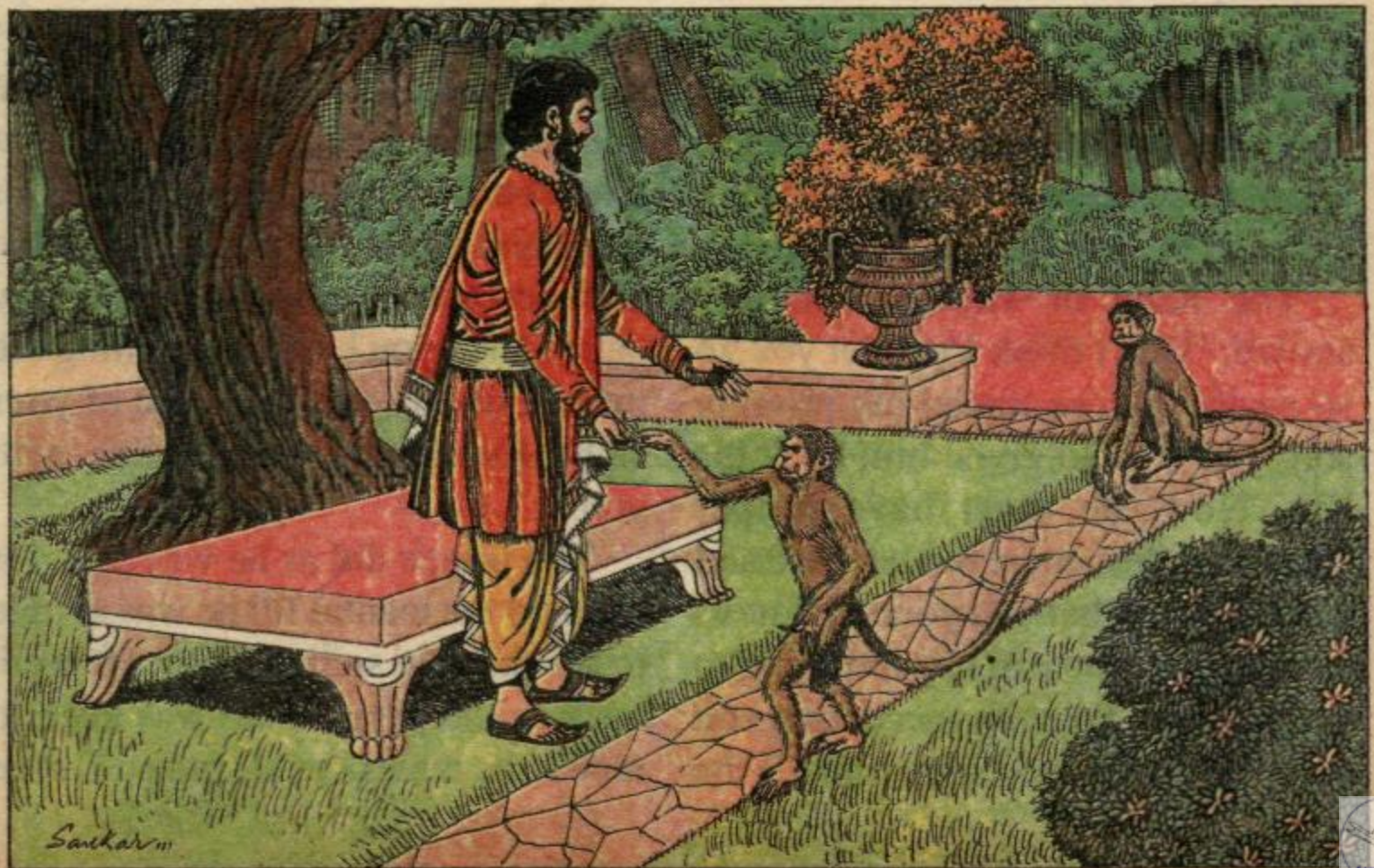
balance and suddenly fell down to the ground with a loud cry. Actually, she had been bitten by a snake that had wound itself on the branch, and the monkey did not notice it when it caught hold of the branch.

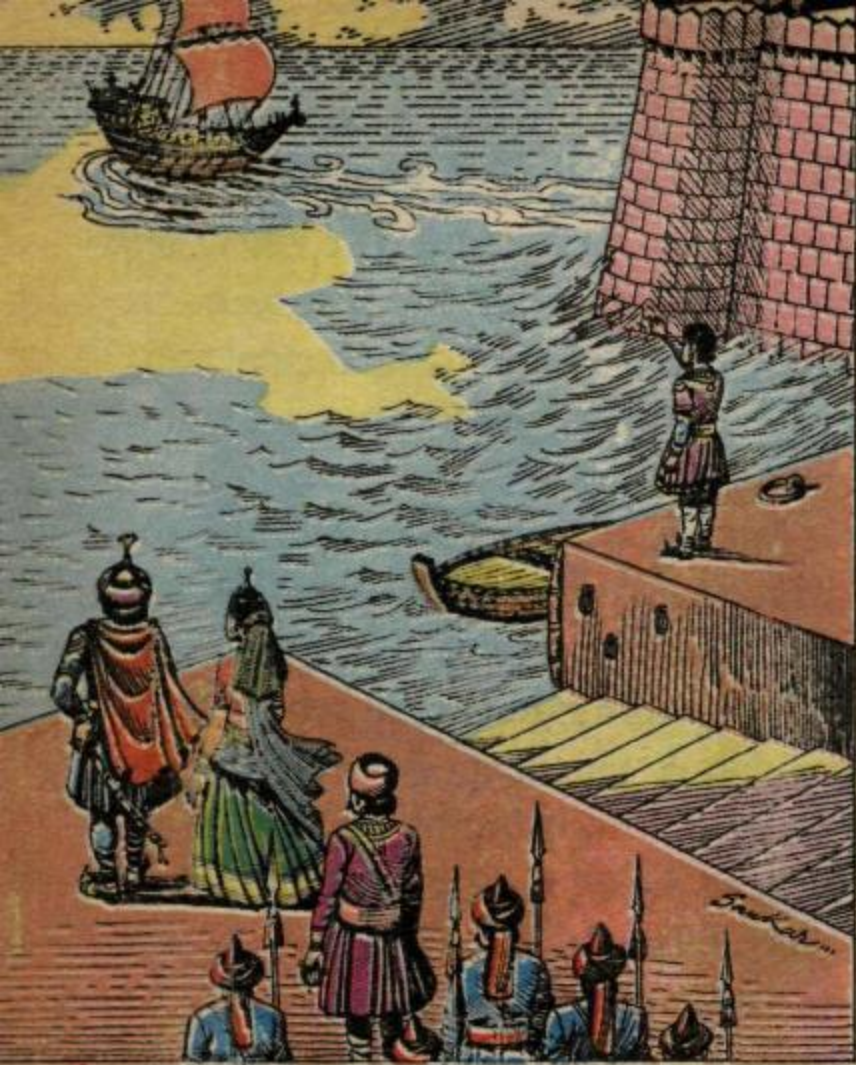
The male monkey jumped down and sat beside the other one with a crestfallen face. He then looked up at the snake with such anger that it looked as though it would turn into ashes in the fiery stare of the monkey. He then went round the garden in search of some plant. He seemed to have found it. He plucked it and took it near the female and made her smell the leaves. In no time, the monkey sat up as if she had woken from sleep.

Vachaspati beckoned the monkey by making a noise it understood. He spoke to him, and the monkey understood what he wanted. He handed the plant to Vachaspati and went and plucked one more plant and gave it to him.

Vachaspati proceeded to where the prince was lying. There were many people sitting around the body; some were weeping and some others wore a sad look. He crushed some leaves in his palm and brought them near the prince's nose. A while later, the boy was seen breathing. The next moment he sat up and wiped his eyes.

The king was informed, and he hurried to the prince's room. He





embraced the prince and then hugged Vachaspati. He rewarded him with money and valuables. "O King!" said Vachaspati in all humility. "I don't crave for any of these things. Please allow me to return to my country. I'm eager to see my wife and children."

The King of Vajrapuri merely smiled. "Don't think I will let you go so easily. You've traced my missing son; you've also given him back his life. Now, he must have proper education. You must remain here and teach him all that you yourself know. Before that, you can't be returning to your people. You must accept my son as your student and give him all the

education he needs."

Vachaspati was struck with sorrow and frustration. 'Doesn't the king have a conscience?' There was no choice other than to accept the prince as his *sishya*.

The prince was intelligent. He quickly learnt all that the *guru* taught him. Within a short time, he grasped a good lot of knowledge. Vachaspati had no doubt about the boy's scholarship. He arranged for a test for the prince when the royal court assembled. The king was mightily pleased. He richly rewarded Vachaspati and decided to send him back to Pushpagiri the next day and arranged for a ship to take him.

Before he boarded the ship, Vachaspati called the prince to his side and said: "I haven't yet given you one *mantra*. I shall teach you that mantra now. Take some water in your palm and chant the mantra after me and then transfer the water on to my palm. Then you keep on chanting the mantra till my ship goes out of your sight. Everything will be fine with you."

The prince did as he was told. He chanted the mantra till he was unable to see the ship sailing away. He went back to the palace, and was keen to repeat the mantra to his father. But he



could not remember even a single word. He also realised he had forgotten all that he learnt from Vachaspati.

The vampire ended his narration there and turned to King Vikramaditya. "O King! Was it fair on the part of Vachaspati to make the prince forget all that he had learnt? It was Vachaspati who found his whereabouts when the prince was missing. It was Vachaspati himself who gave him back his life. It was Vachaspati again who accepted him as a sishya and taught him everything. But he went to the other extreme of teaching him a mantra that would make him forget whatever he had taught him. What had prompted him to do so? If you know the answer and still refuse to answer me, your head will be blown into a thousand pieces!"

Vikramaditya had a ready answer: "Vachaspati was the royal priest of Pushpagiri. He was on his way back

to the kingdom when his ship was caught in a storm; it had drifted to Vajragiri. He did not go there of his own accord. Once there, the King of Vajragiri forced him to do all that he wanted – like tracing the prince, bringing him back to life, and giving him education. Vachaspati considered all that as acts of treason against his own country – Pushpagiri, which was on inimical terms with Vajragiri. He wished that only the prince of his own Pushpagiri had the right to become his disciple, and no one else. That's why he made the prince of Vajragiri forget all that he had learnt from him, to prove his loyalty to his own country. There was nothing wrong about it."

The vampire realised that Vikramaditya had once again outwitted him. So, he flew back to the ancient tree, taking the corpse with him. The king drew his sword and went after the vampire.



SPORTS

**Yesterday
Today
Tomorrow**

First Test Innings

Nearly 25 years ago, India's Sunil Gavaskar was playing his first Test match. India were pitted against West Indies at Port of Spain. He scored 65 runs in the first innings and 67 in the second. The day, March 6, 1971, marked the beginning of a glorious innings in his cricketing career.

World Rankings

Last month, these columns mentioned of world rankings given to Indian players—of Chess, Carroms, Billiards, Golf and, of course, Cricket. To be added to this list now is Women's Weightlifting, in which India has two sportswomen at Number One position. They are Malleswari and Kunjarani. The former tops the 54 kg class, and the latter the 46 kg class.

Malleswari won the World title at Istanbul, while Kunjarani won the gold in the Asian Championship. The distinction has come to India for the first time.

World Record

Sun Caiyun, of China, set a new women's world record in pole vault. She cleared 4.23 metres (13.96 ft.) in Shenzhen, in South China, on November 5. This was .01 metres better than the record set by Daniels Bartova, of Czechoslovakia, on September 11 at Salgotarjan in Hungary.

Richest Shot

New South Wales were playing Western Australia at Perth. The sponsor of the cricket match fixed a 2.5mX1.2m

target on the sight screen at one end of the WACA (Western Australia Cricket Association) ground, and offered a prize of 140,000 Australian dollars (U.S. \$100,000) to anyone hitting it. Steve Waugh, of the NSW team, hit the golden shot, on October 22. It was a sixer. With each game in the inter-state contest, the sponsor was increasing the prize amount, but no one managed to strike the target till the Perth game. Did you think Steve was richer by that amount? He shared it with his team-mates. He wished to be richer with their friendship.

Youngest Footballer

In first class international football, Muhammad Kallan, of Sierra Leone, is the youngest player to score a goal. When he sent the ball into the Gambian goal post in the African Nations Cup in October last, he was only 15 years 6 months. His father was once a football star, while two of his brothers are in the national team.

Entries for SAF Games

Nearly 1,600 athletes from the seven member countries of the South Asian Federation have been entered for the SAF Games starting in Madras on December 18. The largest contingent is from India (480).

Richest Horse Race

On March 27 next, Dubai will witness the richest horse race. The Dubai World Cup is worth \$4,000,000. Of this amount, \$2.4 million will go to the winner. Some 50 entries have already been received. The richest race till now was the Japan Cup worth \$3.8 million. This event took place on November 26.



Krishna stole its flower

The Indian Coral tree is associated with the Hindu mythology. The references in the *Bhagavata Purana* (stories of Lord Vishnu) say that at the insistence of his consort Satyabhama, Lord Krishna went to the garden of Indra, King of the Devas, and stole the flower of this tree, and that later Satyabhama and the other consort of Krishna, Rukmini, had a quarrel over the flower. The big-sized leaf of this tree has three leaflets and they are believed to represent Lord Brahma (the one on the right), Lord Siva (left) and Lord Vishnu (the middle one). Early Christians of India considered the three leaflets to be the Trinity—Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost all of whom make the Godhead. The leaflets appear opposite to each other at the base.

The botanical name *Erythrina Indica* denote two things: that it is of Indian origin, and that the flowers are red or a coral red. In Hindi it is *Pangri*; in Marathi *Pangara*; in Bengali *rakta* (red) *madar*; in Malayalam *mandaram*; and in Tamil *maruka* or *mullu murungu*. The branches have a rugged look because of the conical prickles (mullu), which fall off when

the tree grows older.

The flowers come out when the tree is denuded of leaves, towards the end of February or early March, and remain on the tree for two or three months. By then the leaves sprout and cover the tree till winter time. The tree, common in Bihar, Bengal and the coastal forests, grows up to a height of 15m and is planted mostly as an ornamental and for the shade it gives because of the dense foliage. Its roots enrich the soil with nitrogen, and so is widely planted in tea gardens to improve the yield.



KAPILA

The mighty King Sagara of the Solar dynasty (Surya Vamsa) decided to perform a great *Yajna*, known as the *Aswamedha*. A horse, strong, stout and smart, bedecked with ornaments, was let loose. It was followed by the army of Sagara's own sons who numbered sixty thousand.

The horse was to roam the earth. If any king dared stop it, the princes were to fight with him. Only if the horse returned triumphant to his master could the yajna be performed. That was the law.

King Sagara's horse trotted forth proudly, followed by the army of princes. But one day, the horse disappeared from their sight. They looked for it everywhere, but in vain. Looking pale they returned to their father and reported the matter to him. They did not know that the horse had been led away by none other than Indra, the king of the gods.

"If the horse is not to be seen on the surface of the earth, it must be hiding somewhere in the nether-world. Dig and discover it," ordered King Sagara.

The princes began digging their passage into the nether-world starting at different places, disturbing the localities. They were an arrogant lot.

At last, they reached the nether-world. At one place, they saw a luminous Rishi seated in meditation. He was Kapila. Near him was their lost horse.

They made a hullabaloo and shouted at the Rishi, accusing him of stealing the

horse. Awakened with a jolt from his meditation, the Rishi looked at them with great anger. A fire leaped from his eyes and at once reduced the princes to ashes.

It was Prince Bhagiratha, the great-grandson of King Sagara, who, by the virtue of his penance, brought the heavenly river Ganga down to the earth and led it to the nether-world where the ashes of his ancestors lay. With the sacred water flowing over them, the princes came back to life.

Sage Kapila was a great devotee of Vishnu. In fact, he is believed to have carried in him an emanation of Vishnu. After the death of his father, Kardama Prajapati, he taught his mother, Devahuti, how to realise the Grace of Lord Vishnu. He also laid down a system of philosophy, known as the *Samkhya*.



DO YOU KNOW ?

1. Who was the founder of Nazism?
2. Who, according to the Hindu mythology, was the first mortal to die?
3. What is brass?
4. Where will you go to visit the 'Temple of the Tooth'?
5. Built on thirteen islands, it is known as the City of Water. Name the city.
6. How many eyes does a spider have?
7. Bangladesh is the greatest producer of a particular crop. Which?
8. One of the Australian states is an island. Which one?
9. Which Indian cricketer is called 'The Colonel'?
10. Which was Turkey's capital, before Ankara?
11. How many spokes are there in the Ashoka Chakra on the Indian flag?
12. What is the name of the currency of Greece?
13. Who built the city of Fatehpur Sikri?
14. When was the Suez Canal opened?
15. Who scored the first century for India in one - day matches?
16. Who invented the television?
17. Who acted as the Prime Minister of India twice? When?
18. In which country is the system of wrestling called *Sumo* practised?
19. Who first used the term 'horse power'?
20. Which is the largest of all islands?

ANSWERS

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Adolf Hitler, who took the title Feuhrer when he ruled Germany. | 11. Twenty-four |
| 2. Yama, the god of Death. | 12. Drachma |
| 3. A metal which is an alloy of copper and zinc. | 13. The Mughal emperor Akbar |
| 4. Kandy, in Sri Lanka; the temple has a tooth of Lord Buddha as a relic. | 14. In 1869 |
| 5. Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. | 15. Kapil Dev-175 not out against Zimbabwe during the 1983 World Cup. |
| 6. Eight. | 16. John Logie Baird. |
| 7. Jute | 17. Gulzari Lal Nanda, first time after the death of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in May 1964, and then, after the passing away of Lal Bahadur Shastri in January 1966. |
| 8. Tasmania | 18. Japan |
| 9. Dilip Vengsarkar. C.K.Nayudu held the rank of Colonel in the Indian army. | 19. James Watt |
| 10. Istanbul | 20. Greenland |





THE RIVALS

Mahaveer was the chieftain of a group of tribals living on one side of the Vindhya mountain ranges. He was a disciplinarian and the people led a peaceful life without any quarrel among themselves.

Mahaveer was now getting old. The question arose: who would take over from him as the chieftain? The tribals began discussing the issue among themselves. Of course, they could always hold a contest and decide who was physically stronger than the others, and thus claim the position of chieftain. Meanwhile, Mahaveer was growing weak day by day.

Kuyili was his daughter—his only child. She was a lovely maiden. Every young man among the tribals cherished a desire to make her his wife. Nanjan was one of them and he was in deep love with Kuyili, who reciprocated his feelings and very much desired to become his wife.

They often met secretly in the forest and spoke to each other of their dreams.

Meanwhile, Mahaveer let it be known that whoever succeeds him would win the hand of his daughter. When he heard the announcement made at the meeting of elders, Nanjan was not perturbed. In fact, why should he? Was he not an expert in wielding the sword, bow, and even an ordinary staff?

Soon a contest was formally announced. Many young men came forward to prove their prowess and ultimately their right to marry Kuyili. Bomman was one of them. His mother, Kaliyamma, was aware of his brawn as in each of the friendly contests the tribals held amongst themselves, he had come out successful. He would also constantly practise his skills at home and she was a witness to all that. However, she kept everything to

herself and did not discuss him even among the other women close to her. She had her own reason for that.

At the time he became the chieftain, Mahaveer had challenged all possible contenders before he claimed that position. He realised that Kallan was almost a match to him; he went on postponing a friendly fight with him, lest he proved his might and claimed the position for himself. One day, Kallan was found dead under mysterious circumstances. Nobody knew who had killed him, but his body was found in the forest in a place where he had never been seen. Kaliyamma was his widow, and Bomman their son.

At the time of his father's death, Kallan was only eight years old. Kaliyamma suspected that Mahaveer was responsible for her husband's sudden end. She went and met him. "I know that you are responsible for my husband's killing!" she dared to say so at his face. "You watch! I shall make my son, Bomman, the chieftain."

"You dare threaten me?" said Mahaveer with a sneer. "You're too poor to throw any challenge at me!" After that days and months and years rolled by. Mahaveer had forgotten even the existence of a boy called



Bomman. He did not remember any tribal woman named Kaliyamma.

But not Kaliyamma. She did not forget her challenge to Mahaveer and vow to make her son the chieftain some day. She arranged for Bomman to learn the use of different kinds of weapons and methods of physical combat and defence. She watched his training and kept track of his progress. Bomman took his training seriously. He and his mother evaded public eye and kept everything to themselves. Especially because Kaliyamma did not want Mahaveer to know that Bomman was being prepared to take over as chieftain as and when an





occasion demanded. She was afraid that Mahaveer might even try to harm her son when once the secret was out.

The tribals used to have annual celebrations when they offered a special worship for their presiding deity, Mother Rudra. They would also hold contests of physical strength, to identify leadership qualities. Mahaveer announced that the contests that year would be utilised to select a possible successor to him, who would also win the hand of his daughter, Kuyili.

Nanjan welcomed the announcement as he had no doubt he would win hands down in any of the items of

contest. He assured Kuyili when they met as planned, "Don't be perturbed. There's no one who can beat me in this trial of strength. You as well as the position of chieftain will be mine and nobody else's. There's no doubt about that!"

"Of course, I don't have any doubt that you'll win," Kuyili reassured him. "We'll soon be married, and we'll have a happy time."

At last the celebrations started. The contest each day was to precede the special *pujas* at the Devi temple. Mahaveer announced that the first contest would be with the staff, then with the sword, and thirdly with the bow and arrow.

The first called for agility and control of body movements. When all the contestants had tried to match their skill with each other, it was the turn of Nanjan and Bomman. For some time, it was difficult to decide who excelled whom. Ultimately Nanjan was declared the winner. Kuyili was the happiest among the keen onlookers.

When their turn came next, the two tried their skill with the sword. They were not to fight with each other; instead, each of them had to enter a lion's cage and tackle the animal and kill it in one blow. Nanjan

entered the cage first and wrestled with the animal. In the struggle to overpower the animal, he got mauled and he quickly escaped through the trap door and saved himself. Bomman had no difficulty in killing the lion, and so he was declared the winner.

Kuyili was crestfallen. Now the third contest—with the bow and arrow—would be crucial for both Nanjan and Kuyili. The test was to send an arrow at a salver full of *Kumkum* kept in front of the idol of Devi and sprinkle the powder over Her head without tilting the plate. Whoever succeeded in doing so would be declared the 'bow-arrow' hero.

Nanjan overheard people speaking about Bomman's dexterity with the bow and arrow. He now felt diffident about his skill with the bow and arrow. His heart beat fast. Would he be able to beat Bomman in the test? If he lost to him, then Bomman would become the chieftain and Kuyili his wife. How would he bear the two losses?

"Don't worry," said Kuyili, trying to console him. "Let's go to Bomman and make an appeal." The two then proceeded to where Bomman was getting ready for the contest. Bomman was surprised to see them together. They told him about their love for each other and appealed to him not to

separate them.

"Tell me, Nanjan," queried Bomman, "do you care for the position of chieftain or Kuyili? You may have only one of them."

"I wish to keep Kuyili as my wife," replied Nanjan, "I'm not keen on holding the chieftain's post."

"All right," said Bomman. "I shall see that you win in the third test. You can then wed Kuyili. After you become chieftain, I shall challenge you to a fight. And if I win, you'll lose your position and I shall become the chieftain. Is that acceptable to you?"

Nanjan readily agreed to the proposal. Then Bomman taught him some tricks with the bow and arrow. Sometime later, the contest took place. Bomman's arrow missed its target and went astray. Now Nanjan sent the arrow; it hit the salver and the *kumkum* fell on the idol's head. A cheer arose from the onlookers.

Mahaveer approached Nanjan and embraced him. He beckoned Kuyili and held her right hand and placed it on Nanjan's right hand. Now another cheer rent the air. "From now on, Nanjan will be your chieftain!" declared Mahaveer. The cheer subsided after some time.

Bomman waited for a week and then challenged Nanjan to a fight, and



easily defeated him. Nanjan kept his word and announced that he was abdicating his position in favour of Bomman.

Mahaveer's surprise knew no bounds. Who was this Bomman? Till then he had known him only as one of the young tribals. He was now told that Bomman was the son of Kallan who had met with a sudden end. His surprise now gave way to a sense of guilt.

Soon after Bomman became the chieftain, he and Kaliyamma called on Mahaveer. "Remember my vow?" she asked him. "I've kept my word and made my son the chieftain. In fact, he would have won the test with the bow and arrow. But your daughter and Nanjan went to my son and made an appeal to him. He then saw to it that Nanjan won the contest to fulfil his desire. In fact, he had told my son that he was not eager to hold the position of chieftain. It was, therefore,

agreed that Bomman would later challenge him and he would take over as chieftain. Everything was pre-arranged."

Mahaveer was overtaken by sorrow. He regretted the cruelty he showed to Kallan. Wasn't it his greed for power that had prompted him to resort to crime? He was murdering justice rather than a human being called Kallan. He had broken the tradition of fairplay among the tribals. Mahaveer was full of remorse. He looked at Kaliyamma and her son, Bomman. His eyes were wet when he went up to Bomman and embraced him. "Bomman! You're not only a warrior but a lion-hearted one."

He then turned to Kaliyamma. "Today, the victory is actually yours," he said. "You have fulfilled your vow. I never thought you would keep your word. I'm the one who has been defeated. Anyone doing something wrong will fail at one time or another."



The Court Dancer

Salwa and Malwa were neighbouring kingdoms. They maintained friendly relations. At the instance of Malwa, the ruler of Salwa sent his court dancer, Vasantasena, to perform in Malwa. She captivated the people of Malwa by her performance and received many gifts and rewards.

She was on her way back to Salwa, when her entourage was waylaid by robbers. Her bodyguards feared for their life and ran away. Vasantasena and two of her maids were captured by the robbers who took them to their chief.

"Who are you?" asked the bandit in a gruff voice.

"I'm the court dancer of Salwa," replied Vasantasena.

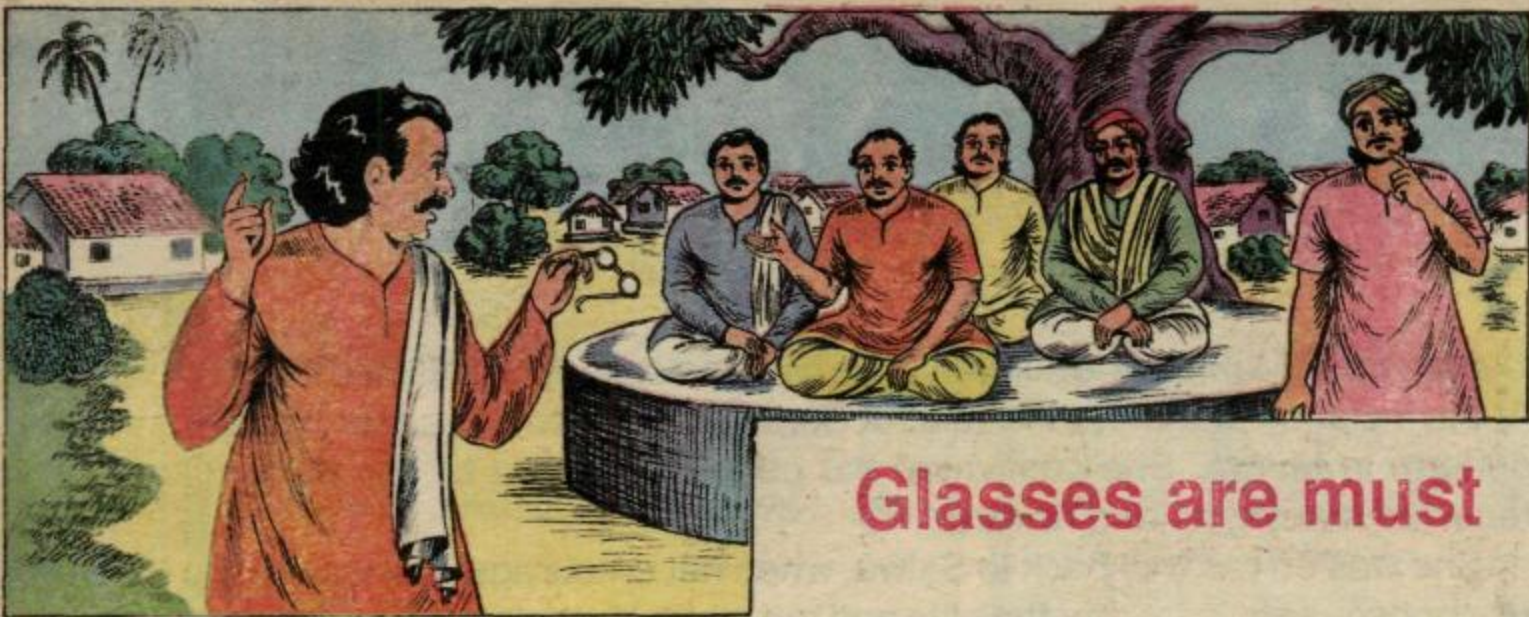
"Oh! A court dancer?" said the bandit with a derisive laughter. "You don't look one. I don't believe you. But I shall give you a chance to prove your claim. Come on, let's see your dance! Let's have an idea of your talents!"

"No, I won't dance in front of you!" said Vasantasena. "You're bandits. What do you know of dance?"

The bandit thought for a while. True. What did *they* know of dance? "You're right. Now I've no doubt you're a dancer."

He ordered his men to take her back to her people and escort them to the capital of Salwa.





Glasses are must

Kaladhar was an agriculturist. Residing in Kalpanagar. He would go to the Ganesh temple every evening, and after worshipping there, it was his habit to stay back listening to the elders who would be having their usual get-together beneath the banyan tree in the temple compound. He very much wished to participate in the discussion, but the moment he opened his mouth, the others would make some snide remarks and force him to keep his mouth shut. And he would leave the place dejected. But that never deterred him from going there the next day!

One day, one of the rich men of the place had joined the crowd. "Sir, did you have your eyes checked in the town?" he was asked by someone in the gathering. "What did the doctor say?"

The man took out a pair of glasses from his pocket and showed it to

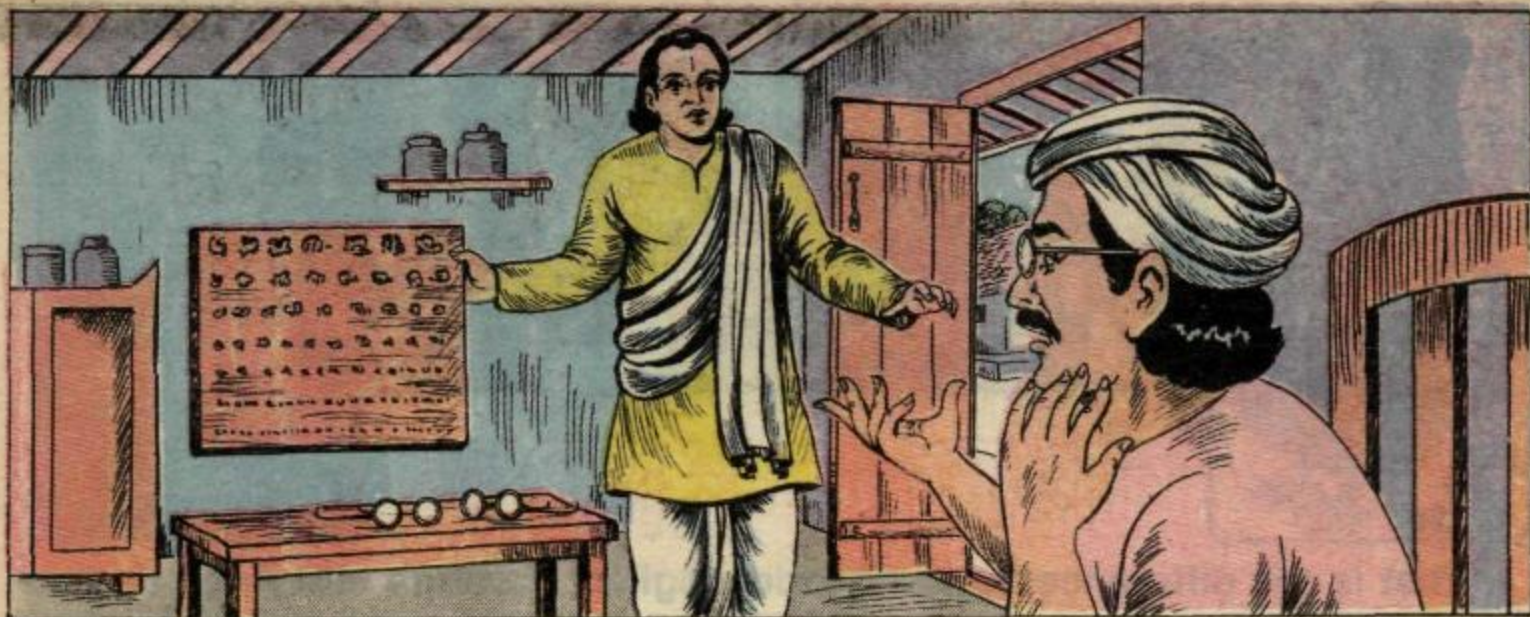
them. "When I put them on, I can see very clearly. The letters are clearer. This is what the doctor gave me."

"Is that so?" remarked another person in the crowd. "Then I must also go and see the same doctor, and have my eyes examined. Also get hold of spectacles. I'll then be able to read better."

Kaladhar was listening to the conversation. "That means, if I too put on glasses, I'll be able to read," he decided. 'I must also go to the town and get my eyes examined. Spectacles will certainly help me to read.'

He journeyed to the town, where he began enquiring about the doctor who had examined the rich man's eyes. Nobody knew who he was. At last, one person told him: "I can show you where the most well known among the eye doctors here stays."

He then directed him to the doctor's house.



Kaladhar met the doctor. "Doctor, I too wish to have a pair of glasses," he told him. "Just like the pair you prescribed for the rich man of my place. I must start reading like he is able to, now, after you gave him the spectacles."

The doctor asked him to sit on a chair. It was all a strange experience for Kaladhar. Some wonder, also some fear. Come whatever may, he decided he must wear spectacles. He would then be able to join the discussion at the banyan tree meetings. That was his only aim.

He sat on the chair firmly. The doctor showed him a chart hanging on the wall. "Which of the rows of

letters can you read?" He went on changing lenses on the frame that he had placed on Kaladhar's face. He repeated his question: "This first row? The middle row? The last row?"

"No, doctor, I can't read any of the letters on any of the rows," Kaladhar confessed.

The doctor was surprised. "Do you at all know to read and write?" he asked his patient.

"I don't know, doctor," said Kaladhar. "That's why I want spectacles. People say, if I put on glasses, I can read well. Aren't they right?"

The doctor stared at his patient. What reply could he give?

Guilty consciences make men cowards
When we think we fail, we are often near success





What is the difference between Indo-Anglian literature and Anglo-Indian literature?

Kshymanidhi Senapati, Padampur

The term 'Anglo-Indian' is used only for referring to a particular race of people—sons and daughters of an English father and an Indian mother or an English mother and an Indian father. When an Indian writes a book in English, it is described as Indo-Anglian literature.

What is an 'exclusive interview'?

Jyotiranjana Biswal, Talcher

When a person is interviewed for the media (newspaper, radio, or TV) by an individual, for himself or on behalf of an organisation, and makes use of the information he collects in the form of a write-up or a broadcast or a telecast, before someone else interviews the same person on the same subject or topic, it is called an exclusive interview. It is a gentleman's agreement that the person interviewed will not disclose his opinion to another till the first interview is made public. There is nothing like "inclusive interview".

READERS WRITE

Chandamama is one of the greatest magazines in India. It has helped me improve my English very much. I shall request you to make it a fortnightly publication.

Shivananda Hugar, Bijapur

Students evince keen interest in stories which pave the way for learning through stories. *Chandamama* is very useful for improving English. My experiment became a reality in the case of my son studying in Telugu medium. He has improved his English considerably. I am myself fond of reading the magazine.

S.V. Gulukota, Manthani

I was once an irregular reader, but a regular purchaser of *Chandamama*. When I started reading it, I became an addict and it inspired me to be an M.A. in English. The magazine has educative value. It has improved my knowledge. I am now encouraging others to read it.

Uma Prasad Das, Nahanaganpur



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S.G. Shesagiri



S.G. Shesagiri

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? You may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by the 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 100/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for October '95 goes to :-

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PICKS FROM THE WISE

Every trial that we pass through is capable
of being the seed of a noble character.

-Bishop Temple

A good heart is better than all the heads in the world.

-Lytton

The course of true love never runs smooth.

-Shakespeare



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